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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

A Treatise on the Motive Powers which produce the Circulation of the Blood. By EMMA WILLARD. 8vo. London and New York, 1846. Wiley and Putnam.

PROPORTIONATE to the degrees of refinement which severally characterised the nations of whom history has taken note, the enfranchisement of the faculties of woman, and her consequent elevation in the social scheme has steadily kept pace. And it is a feature most honourable to the present age, that throughout the states of Europe and America, which are blessed with free institutions, woman holds at this time a higher intellectual position, and has a greater respect paid to her faculties and her person, than at any previous period through which the world has passed.

Bravely, too, has woman vindicated her claim to these prerogatives. To say nothing of mere writers of fiction, we have in England a MARY SOMERVILLE, who handles with consummate ability the grandest and most important of the physical sciences, and a HARRIETTE MARTINEAU, who, doing the same for morals, has given proof that the genius of woman may usefully and profitably be applied to questions upon which it had been thought presumptuous and unfit that the sex should enter. Neither is America backward in according to woman the freedom for mind, and respect to her talents, which justly are her due, nor far behind us in the quality and capacity of genius which the sex develop. We have been led to these remarks because in the book before us (which is by an American lady) we have an instance of a woman undertaking to discuss a subject that has perplexed and baffled the ingenuity of the most distinguished anatomists and physiologists who have considered it from HARVEY down to PAXTON; and what is more remarkable, so acquitting herself as to shew that she apprehended as forcibly as the best of them the difficulties which beset the inquiry, perceived as quickly as they did the errors and incongruities of the theories of previous writers; and, lastly, herself propounding an hypothesis to account for the circulation of the blood, and, according to her ideas, the consequent action of the heart, equally novel and ingenious, bearing upon its face a strong similitude of truth, and certainly eminently entitled to the serious attention and examination, by the test of experiment, of all who profess or take an interest in physiological science. We subjoin a brief outline of Mrs. WILLARD's theory, premising that the inquiry was first suggested to her, by observing, in 1832, the symptoms of the Asiatic cholera, then raging in America; and which convinced her that "whatever is the cause of the circulation, the

heart's action is not." She holds that respiration, operating by animal heat, produces an expansive power in the lungs, and thus becomes the efficient cause of the blood's circulation. To sustain this opinion, she urges the following remarks:—

1. *The blood receives caloric at the lungs.*—A chemical combination of oxygen and nitrogen is inspired. A part of the oxygen is detained, and in its place carbonic acid gas and watery vapour are expired. Hence caloric must have been evolved, and, from its nature, have passed the thin separating membrane, and infused itself through the blood in the lungs. This we regard as already demonstrated (i. e. by chemical writers, as well as by the plain chemical phenomena, and the fact known to all, unlearned as well as learned, that the heat of the body originates at the vitals, and is lost at the surface.)

2. *The blood must therefore expand.*—The expansion of fluids by caloric is a doctrine so perfectly understood and established, that it needs no comment, but it is important to our purpose to consider, that, in this case, there must be a very considerable expansion. Notwithstanding the great quantity of caloric carried off at the surface, enough is received to keep up a mean temperature of 98 deg. Fahrenheit. The temperature of venous blood is stated by Magendie to vary from 101 deg. to 75 deg.—that of arterial blood to be nearly 104 deg. Taking 88 deg. as the mean temperature of venous blood, we have a difference of 16 deg. which the vital action at the lungs upon the air there received is to supply. [Later reflection has shewn me that the whole difference between the extreme heat at the vitals, and the coolness at the extremities, is available in carrying on the circulation. (See Appendix, No. II.) And the consideration that the force works in vacuo, is highly important in shewing its efficiency. In air, 212 deg. is the point at which a fluid boils; 72 deg. the point at which it boils in vacuo, which is 6 deg. below mean temperature; 32 deg. below that of arterial blood.]

The quantity of blood in the lungs has been stated by physiologists at one-fifth of the whole—five pounds out of twenty-five.* This receives caloric, not like water in a vessel over a fire, at one small surface only; but over a space, which has been variously estimated, but by all acknowledged to be great. Making a computation on Dr. Keill's statement, the blood at the lungs receives caloric over a surface equal to the area of a circle whose diameter is nearly seventeen feet, so that if the portion received at each particular point should be small, the aggregate must be considerable.

3. *If the blood expands it must move.*—This is perfectly evident, for to expand is to spring into a larger bulk, and the space which has contained the blood can contain it no longer; so that this expansion must be a motive power.

* The statements of other writers make the quantity of blood at the lungs one-fourth of the whole, which they reckon at thirty-five pounds instead of twenty-five. Both the quantity and proportion vary in different subjects. So also do the dimensions of the aorta. Where the aorta is an inch in diameter, I believe there are more than five pounds of blood in the lungs, probably seven or eight.

4. *If the blood moves from the lungs it must move towards the left ventricle of the heart, and from thence into the aorta, and so on through the arteries.*—For it must, of the two directions, take that in which it can move, and not that in which it cannot. Here arise important considerations respecting the animal structure, as a machine made for receiving streams of a fluid, moved by the same agent which warms it; for it is not a power, like impulse, indifferent to direction. It is the antagonist principle to gravitation, and its natural tendency is upwards.* When particles of fluid become more heated than others with which they are connected, the heavier fall downwards, and force upwards the lighter. This, in the consideration of the whole subject, must be regarded, as well as the absolute power produced by expansion; a power which, in its high and explosive state, is the most tremendously destructive of any known to man: yet, as in the present case, where a fluid passes merely from warm to warmer, it is the most kindly and gentle force that can be imagined—yet if we consider that it is generated in the lungs over a space equal to a circle whose area is about seventeen feet diameter, and concentrated in a tube (the aorta) of one inch diameter, we shall no longer be astonished at the force of the current found there. Suppose one should, on a mild spring day, place a lens of the diameter of seventeen feet, so that it would receive the rays of the sun, its focus being in diameter one inch—would not its force be intense? or suppose (a case in which the laws of hydraulics are regarded, and which will on that account be more directly in point) a machine constructed like a syringe, with a piston of five yards in diameter, and a spout of one inch bore—how very slight must be the movement of such a piston to send a fluid from the spout with the velocity of the blood in the aorta!

Such is a short outline of her theory, which, however, she subsequently fills up by strong opinions based upon the doubts expressed and urged by the most distinguished physiologists when objecting to the theories previously accepted; and renders it yet more complete and cogent by sagacious remarks—not unfrequently deduced from experiments—and views of her own. The strictures on the heart's action, the illustrations given of the *venous* circulation, and the facts she advances in support of her theory, and which, she holds, are either suggested or confirmed by the animal structure itself, appear to be extremely just, and if they *should* prove unsound, most certainly they have the likeness of truth.

We give place to an interesting section from this book, shewing the opinions of certain writers upon the heart.

Let it be allowed that we have removed these two objections, viz. that concerning the first springing of the blood into the general circulation of the heart; and second, that of the pulsations of the blood as being derived from the heart: we shall find expressed, in one way or another, a general opinion among those who have examined the subject, that there is a strong improbability of the heart's action furnishing the cause of so great an effect as the circulation of the mass of the blood against the obstructions which it must encounter. Dr. Roget, a late as well as an able writer, declares himself of opinion that the heart's action alone is not adequate to produce the circulation. We will quote his language as to the great resistances which the force springing from the aorta must meet; and let the inquirer, as he reads, stop and reflect how the expansive power, if allowed, would meet these various obstructions and overcome these difficulties:—"It will be quite evident," says Dr. Roget, "that a very considerable power is required, in order to enable the heart to propel the blood through the arteries, when we consider the enormous resistance opposed to its progress, and when we also take into account the great velocity given to it in its motion. The column of blood already contained in the arterial system, must have its velocity accelerated in order to admit of the passage of fresh blood into the aorta. The arteries require also to be distended for the admission of this additional quantity of blood every time that the ventricle contracts. The angles and flex-

ures which the blood is obliged to follow in its course through the vessels must be the causes of retardation, and must be productive of a loss of force, which the muscular power of the heart is ultimately called upon to supply. The operation of all these retarding causes is so complicated, that we need not be surprised at the problem of the force exerted by the heart having baffled the skill of the best mathematicians, and their calculations being so widely different from one another. Thus while Keil estimated the power of the left ventricle at only five ounces, Borelli calculated that its force could not be less than one hundred and eighty thousand pounds. Dr. Hales computes it to be exactly fifty-one pounds and a half; while Tabor concludes its amount to be one hundred and fifty pounds. Such irreconcilable results shew the fatuity of most of the reasonings on which they are founded." Dr. Roget further tells us that a query has arisen, whether the arteries by their elasticity do not make up the deficiencies of the heart's power, and he inclines to believe that they do. But having no valves except at the entrance of the aorta, and no vermicular motion, any contractions which they might make, except at the aorta, would send as much blood backwards as forwards. That any such power is afforded by the arteries is denied by Bichat, Arnott, and others. We have no objection to allowing that some aid may thus be received; but still maintain that the expansive is the leading power.

The following, from the section shewing how nature preserves the requisite and healthful balance of temperature, will be read with interest:—

And let us here mark the kind care with which our Creator has guarded the circulation in this respect, by instincts the most remarkable and the most constant of any with which our animal nature is endued. And first, we notice instinctive respiration. We must have oxygen to support the internal combustion, and we must have it every moment; and nature has made us to feel that the most pressing of our necessities is, to breathe atmospheric air. Secondly, we are endued with a feeling of pleasure in that comfortable warmth, which is the measure of healthy vibration between internal heat and external coldness, and on the contrary with a feeling of pain and suffering from extreme injurious heat, or dangerous coldness. This feeling is intense when that shuddering cold comes over us which endangers the continuance of the circulation. Again: we must not only have the supporter of combustion, but we must have the combustible daily renewed. This we derive from our food and drink, which the instincts of hunger and thirst oblige us to take. After the blood has passed the arteries it is led into the veins by capillary attraction, and then comes the last grand difficulty in the circulation. When the blood has left the capillaries, how is it to be lifted back to the heart and lungs? And here we must again notice that property of caloric, by which it is transmitted by any heated body to whatever bodies lie contiguous to it, until their heat is equal to its own; and by those bodies to be in like manner transmitted to others; and so on, until it goes off at the surface. By this law of the transmission of caloric, all the organs next the lungs would have the same heat as the lungs; and thus all the inner parts of the body would have the transmitted heat derived from the lungs. As soon as the blood of the capillaries is led on its course by capillary attraction, being driven onwards by the arterial current, then as it passes upwards it soon begins to be warmed, and of course expanded by this transmitted heat, and as the parts of the body are more and more warmed as it ascends, it would be more and more quickened in its upward course; and as the effect of gravitation would be checked by the branching out of the system from the top to the bottom, so the ascending current would be accelerated by the uniting of the branches and the lessening of the general capacity of the circulating system, but the returning current occupies the more space, and therefore has less velocity than that going out from the heart and lungs. All muscular exercise displaces blood from the veins, which, on account of their valves, must move towards the heart and lungs. These causes, together with the suction power, appear to be fully sufficient to account for the venous circulation.

There is one consideration respecting the valves which affords evidence of a design to aid the blood's circulation. The valves of the heart cutting the columns of blood into shorter

* We must not, however, lose sight of that law of caloric which regards its radiation in all possible directions, by which it is transmitted to adjoining substances till they are in equilibrium.

columns, their pressure is diminished, and the same remark applies to the valves in the veins. Some of the most remarkable of the variations in the operation of the forces is that caused by change of position. And first, with regard to the horizontal: and here we see the wisdom and goodness of the Creator in giving us sleep—the night to sleep in, and the instinct of weariness to compel us to lie down. Let us now place horizontally one simple elliptical tube which we have all along supposed upright, and consider the operations of the gravitating fluids when in a horizontal position; and here, instead of long perpendicular columns of fluid, we have only the diameter of the tube for the perpendicular pressure, and that is not in any case much over an inch. Then we have the upward movement of the expansive power, to balance gravitation, and take off pressure from the base of the containing vessels. So when the human body is thus laid recumbent, slight accessions of force will keep the current in motion; and as the heart's power works best in this position, it is probable that it is proportionally most active at night, and least so during the day, when the expansive power works to the best advantage. Thus the heart may rest during the day, and the lungs during the night. That a change of forces takes place in changing from upright to recumbent postures, is clearly shewn by the changes in the breathing and in the pulse. This will be especially apparent in older persons and in invalids. The pulse gains from four to six beats in a minute by rising up. But if it is the power of expansion which we depend on for daily activity, we must for this reason regard it as the leading motive power.

The utilitarian spirit common to the American character peeps out in Mrs. WILLARD's book towards its close; she could not forbear stepping aside from her main subject to give a few words of salutary advice to the young of her own sex; and far from objecting to this digression, we applaud her for it.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

When I am speaking to young girls (the Lord bless and keep them), I am in my proper element. Why should it be otherwise? I have had five thousand under my charge, and spent thirty years of my life devoted to their service; and the general reader will excuse me if I add some further advice to them, which the light of this theory will shew to be good. If it be so, others may have its benefit as well as they, but it is most natural to me to address myself to them. Would you, my dear young ladies, do the will of God on earth by being useful to your fellow beings? Take care of health. Would you enjoy life? Take care of health; for without it, existence is, for every purpose of enjoyment, worse than a blank. No matter how much wealth or how many luxuries you can command, there is no enjoyment without health. To an aching head what is a downy pillow with silken curtains floating above? What is the cushioned landau and the garden landscape to her whose disordered lungs can no longer receive the inspirations of an ordinary atmosphere? And what are books, music, and paintings to her whose nervous sufferings give disease to her senses, and agony to her frame? Would you smooth for your tender parents the pillow of declining life? Take care of health. And does the "prophetic pencil" sometimes trace the form of one whose name, perhaps, is now unknown, who shall hereafter devote to you a manly and generous heart, and marriage sanction the bond? Would you be a blessing to such a one? then now take care of your health: or if you hesitate, let imagination go still further. Fancy yourself feeble as with untimely age, clad in vestments of sorrow, and leaving a childless home to walk forth with him to the church-yard, there to weep over your buried offspring.

Study then to know your frame that you may, before it is too late, pursue such a course as will secure to you a sound and vigorous constitution. Study what I have written in this book among other means, and here learn that to be careful of your health is to accustom yourself to bear, without inconvenience, the full range of temperature to which you must sometimes be exposed by the climate you live in. When you go forth, erect your form, expand your chest, and let your organs of respiration and your cheek meet the full current of air which your onward motion produces, and sets against you. If you have heretofore believed that this was a dangerous

exposure, and have covered your face from the wintry air as you went abroad, on foot or otherwise, now learn that this is a mistake. But if you have already practised it till your lungs, like a dyspeptic stomach, cannot digest their wholesome aliment, then you must not change your habits at once, but by degrees. Pass no day without invigorating the circulation by exercise more or less energetic. Be careful to take regularly the simple diet which nature requires, but shun all beverages and condiments which unduly excite the nerves and disorder the stomach, for the nerves are the media through which the lungs derive their vital power, and the stomach, that through which the blood itself is formed; and to no purpose is the channel for circulation and the motive power, if there be no healthy blood to be circulated. Have the good sense to disregard fashion when it would lead you to imprudence in dress. You dress for beauty as well as for health. That is right, for God himself has not disregarded beauty in his external creation, and beauty is the child of nature and simplicity, not of ornament, extravagance, and affectation. But study nature's fine models more than fashion plates, and you will gain in beauty as well as in health. The attenuated waist, and the Chinese foot are not divinely made, but fashion-formed, and are nothing better than super-induced deformities. As to pressure on the lungs, enough has been said for you to remember its danger. But the pressure on the stomach is also deleterious, and that on the liver may be both fatal to health and destructive of beauty. If the vital motions of the liver are obstructed, the yellow bile pervades and disorders the general system, and ruins the complexion. Be careful to clothe your feet properly, and press them not too closely. A free circulation cannot go on if obstructed here, and here is the greatest danger of obstruction. Be not over anxious then to have a tiny foot; for undue pressure on the feet, and carelessness in keeping up warmth at the feet by proper covering, have perhaps destroyed as many female lives as unnatural pressure on the lungs. Unnatural pressure on the lungs, the stomach, and the liver, annihilates real beauty of form and complexion, and pressure on the feet, its finest accompaniment, grace and dignity of motion. The French women are allowed to be the most graceful in the world, and their feet are well grown. Taglioni, the very queen of grace, had large but well shaped feet. But who thought of this as in the dance she seemed to float on air? Then the eye could detect no jar when in descending she touched the floor, nor any appearance of effort when she rose, but the wavy line of grace remained unbroken. Such perfection of movement a very small foot could not have allowed. The important office of the skin we have already discussed, and you will be better able now to comprehend why "cleanliness is next to godliness." Finally, my dear young friends, guard by proper clothing the region of the lungs. I verily believe that a quarter of a yard of flannel applied in due time to the chest, would have saved many a death by consumption. In our cold climate, that so many should have lived to so expose the neck, breast, and shoulders, is only to be accounted for on the supposition of the upward tendency of a heating agent. But many, by tempting nature too far in this particular, have gone to untimely graves. You have seen how necessary to circulation and to life, is the heat of the lungs. Guard it then with a care exceeded by no other, except that which should be paid to keeping in vigorous flow the fountain-spring of spiritual life. As coldness in this respect speaks of spiritual death, so does the chill which reaches the vitals warn of the death of the body.

FICTION.

The Ship of Glass; or, the Mysterious Island. A Romance. By HARGRAVE JENNINGS. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1846. Newby.

WHEREFORE Mr. JENNINGS named his three volumes *The Ship of Glass*, seeing that they comprise two fictions entirely unconnected with each other, we are at a loss to imagine, unless it be that the title of the shorter of them, which the work bears, being more provocative of curiosity than the commoner name of "Acherley" given to the longer, was consequently better fitted to at-

tract the attention of the public, and adopted, regardless of consistency, for that reason.

Both of these fictions are "Romances" in the proper acceptance of that word. Scarcely does the reader penetrate half a dozen pages into either, before he perceives that, to enjoy the story, judgment and reason must be suspended, and the reins of fancy cast loose. And right willingly does he make the surrender; and a marvellous and amusing flight in these romances is the imagination led.

The chief scene of *The Ship of Glass* is laid on the coast of Spain, in the modern province of Murcia, "somewhere between the boundary of that district and the old Moorish kingdom of Grenada, and Cape Palos in the Mediterranean." As for the time, the tale leaves it in a state of uncertainty, equally perplexing to the reader and favourable to the conveniences of the author; it is, however, since the Moorish conquest of Spain. The plot is founded on a belief prevalent in the province of Altosierro that an island existed in the far-off seas—such an one as our own people in the time of Queen ELIZABETH hoped for—an illusion which the politic RALEIGH disdained not to encourage—an El Dorado, where rich gums and spices, costly woods and healing medicines, precious metals and stones of value, abounded in profusion. The principal characters of the romance are a young and wild adventurer named Cunique; an old ship-builder named Klypp Heufueros, addicted to astrology; his lovely daughter Phroditis; a tailor called Pimpernella; Tophaiik Calumet, the ruler of Altosierro; and some inferiors. Cunique, meeting at a wine-house a party of revellers (whose discourse was of the wonderful island), the old ship-builder (whose endeavour was to discover it), and his lovely daughter, swears he will get a sight of this rarely-seen beauty, and, furthermore, wise and vigilant though her father be, he will court and marry her. Klypp Heufueros, though a philosopher, is, as we have seen, disturbed like his countrymen with the question of the golden island. One Tomanraita, a wild prophetess, has disclosed to the people a dark prediction that to reach the island "the bold must put forth with his one life to win a double; his ship must be of woven light, and shadowless must be his crew." Day and night these mysterious words haunt the anxious old ship-builder, Klypp Heufueros; at length he hits upon the discovery of the meaning of the seeress.

It was after three hours one night of indefatigable poring over this mysterious fragment of intelligence, and he had just completed the copying it out for perhaps the fiftieth time in order to impress every letter the more strongly on his memory, when in turning over in his mind that passage relating to the necessity of the ship for the discovery of this extraordinary island being of no less novel material than woven light, a sudden light, surely of kindred brightness to that which was to compose this dazzling vessel, burst upon his mind. "Eureka! Spirit of Archimedes, I have it at last!" he cried, starting up quite delighted, pulling off his spectacles in agitation, and twisting up his black buckram gown behind into a sort of tail, which he swung backwards and forwards as he paced very fast up and down his ancient chamber. "At last I have arrived at the meaning of this part of the prophecy at all events, and it is the principal one. The ship must be of woven light. That means, being interpreted, and its figurative language translated into common sense and pure Spanish at the same time, the ship must be of glass. She must be of glass. I see it now, plain as the sun at noonday. A glass ship is destined to make this extraordinary discovery which will immortalize me."

A ship of glass is forthwith built; the entire nation takes interest in the adventurer, and the Governor of the province advertises for an adventurous leader to take charge of the voyage of discovery. Cunique, the young adventurer, who has seen the old shipwright's daughter, and seriously fallen in love with her, anxious to raise his fortunes to the level of hers, undertakes the

command; puts to sea, sails many days, is overtaken by a tempest, wrecked on the long-sought for island, of course, then builds a ship for his return, and recrosses the ocean to Tafna-Khalifas, the port whence he sailed, with a cargo of bars of gold, "a quantity of the richest diamonds procurable out of the bounds of that haunted region in the centre of the island," and such a collection of curiosities and valuables as the favoured country afforded. No obstacle to his marriage with the fair Phroditis now interposed, so they wedded and were happy, as devoted lovers should be.

We have said this is a pure romance, and in writing this brief outline of it have felt that it is so, for as it stands in our sketch, divested of the rich colouring of fancy it appears absolutely silly; but he who reads this romance, though he will find some things to object to, such as the commingling of modern terms and conventionalities with those of bygone times, and instances of incongruity in the imagery, will nevertheless be so much charmed with the exuberance of invention, and the highly wrought descriptions, that the shortcomings and failings of the author will not grievously trouble him. We extract a scene or two in proof of this. The following is the description of "The Ship of Glass:"—

But in the centre of the bay, the object of breathless attention to all the populace, was the wonderful Ship of Glass. Eyes were fastened with wonder upon her, and every rope and every spar was examined with a curiosity which seemed as if it was incapable of being satisfied. At intervals bursts of military music would swell on the air, and then sink into silence or float away in magic echoes over the surface of the water. At different points from hill to shore, from sea to strand, on either side of the harbour, would the clash of cymbal, and the hollow beat of the eastern drum be heard, as if sound answered to sound. Magnificent in her proportions, symmetrical in her curves of light, a fairy ship of giant size, lay the Ship of Glass. She rose and fell softly on the sleepy heaves of the shining sea. She looked a vision conjured up out of the water. So thin and transparent was she, so diaphanous were her glassy timbers and broadside, that you could see through her and discern her portholes on the other side, with the figures of people passing to and fro between upon her deck. Her outline was graceful in the extreme, and her tall aspiring masts, and her multitude of giddy yards crossing and stretching their long thin arms like silver spears, her prismatic cordage like woven ice, and the filmy cloud of the upper rigging, which twined and interweaved in lines so small that you could scarcely see them—all the puzzling and seemingly inextricable tangle of her rig, was clear and distinct, and sharply though minutely traced upon a back-ground of sky which seemed light of itself. The Ship of Glass seemed to shine by its own light, as if it were a lucid body and scattered its pale illumination upon the blue water like a globe of crystal the hollow of which was filled with moonlight. She looked built of watery haze and moonlight, in fact; formed of ten thousand sharp cold rays, keen and piercing as the points of the finest darts, and crossed and reticulating, and starting up and tending down, and converging and diverging. As if whole sheaves of elfin arrows had been arrested in their sparkling flight, and, struck by the spell, had arranged themselves in fanciful groups suggesting to the eye the figure of a ship. As if the discursive rays of the *Aurora Borealis* had congregated and converged into the semblance of a luminous man of war.

The sailing of the wondrous vessel, and the receding of the shore, is equally well described.

Presently all lurking doubts and jealous distrust as to the sailing of the ship were terminated by, at a certain signal, the sight of the sails of the Ship of Glass being loosed. They were cast from the yards and fell in graceful festoons. The mariners who were aloft discharging this to them novel duty upon such material, appeared to lay out upon the slippery yards with ease, and the texture of the fabric of the sails, though glossy like cloth woven out of glass, seemed natural enough, except that, when the sails were sheeted home and the yards hoisted, they beamed with all the colours of the

rainbow. Astonishment and admiration filled the minds of the assembly, when they actually saw an anchor of glass and a glass cable rise out of the water and slowly ascend to a crystal cat-head. Each fresh manœuvre was a marvel. It seemed every moment as if ropes must part, or chains snap, or sails be blown away, or masts split like frostwork, or hull crash; but to the wonder and wild delight of the spectators all held. Then slowly the water slid away and fell asunder from before the glistening, cutting prow, as if the ship was propelled by some invisible force; the sails touched and steadily filled, the graceful fabric slightly swaying over upon the swelling waves, and the Ship of Glass was in stately motion. At this sight there rose such a shout that the town seemed alive with echoes, and the hill tops trembled again. In fact the ship itself momentarily oscillated on its way, as its delicate slender fabric answered to the sound; but there seemed to grow strength out of itself, produced and deepening out of its very progress, which instantly restored it to equilibrium. Evenly, steadily, silently, solemn and majestic, yet beautiful in its grace, its correctness, its faultless architecture, did the ship pursue her way, straight as an arrow out of a bow out of the harbour's mouth, past the heads of the mole crowded with people, and lighthouses blazing with beacon-lights, and boldly out into the open sea.

Minute by minute the buildings on the sea shore became smaller and smaller. The horns of the harbour seemed to close together, the city receded, and the tall cliffs, the spiry rocks and romantic uplands crowned with stars,

Bowed their haughty crests.

sinking like a panorama of cloud into the wide sea, which seemed waiting to receive them and to take them into its blue bosom. The ship held her way on gallantly and left the land, which quicker and quicker glided into distance as the broad ocean began to roll and extend its mighty waves. The lights crowded together and began to twinkle like distant stars; and the sensation grew around those who were now the lonely wanderers of the great deep, that they were exiles with nature and solitude, abandoned in that great silence, separate in that trackless desert, that unsubstantial world without mark or sign or path. Smaller and smaller, dimmer and dimmer grew the line of the coast. The lights disappeared waning in the moonlight. The cliffs slid softly down, as it were, into the sea, and were met with a gauzy track of vapour which spread along the dubious line of the horizon. All was now sea and sky, with the stars above and the waves below. Unmingled, uninterrupted silence was everywhere; and the Ship of Glass sped onward with her cloud of gossamer sails like a phantom. She seemed to glide softly and silently over the water, like a pile of driving mist which a mortal bark could have skimmed through.

A picture of another, and, to many, more interesting kind, is that of Cunique's first sight of Phroditis. It should be borne in mind that the handsome adventurer was seeking to fulfil his vow, that he would see and marry the daughter of Klypp, and for that purpose had entered this old ship-builder's house.

A BEAUTY IN HER RETIREMENT.

Cunique contrived to place his eye just behind the junction of two draperies, and his perseverance was rewarded by the sight not only of Phroditis' chamber, such as we have described it, but of Phroditis herself, who had now grown tired of her work, and also apparently of book and every thing else, for she was reclining on her cushions with her eyes closed, her hair dependant, and one fair hand with its taper fingers white as snow, and blazing with jewels lightly laid upon her gently heaving bosom. He might justly have exclaimed in the words of Iachimo, that "Italian fiend," who seems a man of taste,

Cytherea!

How bravely thou becom'st thy couch! fresh lily!
And whiter than the snow. That I might touch,
But kiss; one kiss. Rubies unparagoned!
How dearly they do't.

Cunique truly was struck dumb. He had never seen so beautiful a creature in his life—never had such a form, such a face, visited his wildest dreams, and they had been wild enough. With intent eyes he gazed with rapture on that lovely form as it lay extended in repose upon her crimson

cushions, like a single sweet lily on a heap of roses. A multitude of new and thrilling, and, as it seemed to him, very strange sensations came upon him. He felt change come over him; as if what he saw was the work of enchantment, for he thought it impossibly beautiful for reality. He could have fancied that he had climbed to heaven, and with profane eyes was gazing on an angel. As if he had suddenly stumbled upon a sleeping fairy, nestled amidst tall flowers whose colours were of more than mortal brightness, and canopied with a thousand interweaving branches—as if spreading above might be the sylvan frame-work of a roof of reticulating twigs and sinuous arms, sheathed and smothered with sheaves of leaves, each standing fixed and bright in the magic atmosphere like a glowing emerald in the thick yellow flames and liquid gold of a blazing sunset.

The rich chamber looked a strange place now, as if it could not be of earth, nor belong to it, nor be on it. It was as a dream wrought to daylight, and the peerless shape in the midst, the point round which the radiations had strengthened and settled, and worked out of their shadowy gleam and unsubstantial nebulosity into brightness and body. Cunique could hardly reconcile with the sight which he saw his last day just passed. It seemed as if he had arrived in some new region, at which at some strange dreaming time he might have caught a something of a glimpse, but the transition from his remembrances of the dull matter of fact, "of the earth earthy" day he had just spent, to the dazzling, the bewildering, the entirely novel revelation which beset his vision—altogether confounded him, seemed so sudden and unexpected, so inconsequential in fact, that it looked like magic.

It seemed a sin to stir. He was half afraid that a movement—a breath would break the spell. Nay, the fancy occurred to him, that even by admitting an instant's change of thought the whole scene, beauty and all, might waver and become indistinct, if he did not combat and persevere until he had driven out the invading idea, and, insupportable recollection! perhaps altogether disappear. He felt a feverish anxiety—an eager, spurring, covetous desire to fix this vision for ever, and he longed—madly longed for some words of might, some potent spell which might force it into actual, palpable truth, so that he might be relieved of that great dread that it should escape him. Time, however, was precious. Ashamed of the motives which had drawn him there, and struck dumb by the result—blessing his fate a thousand times for the lucky accident, he silently stepped one short pace behind the drapery, and cast about in his mind for the best means of preparing the maiden for the introduction of himself.

Perplexed and excited as he was, he could think of no expedients, or such only occurred to him as were disadvantageous, or only practicable with some sacrifice which he desired not to make. At last he reached out his hand in a sort of despair, and a determination to abide results whatever they might be, and to follow on as best he might. Pausing a moment, at last he extended his hand behind the door, which was slightly open, and gave a knock upon it as if of somebody outside the room and asking permission to enter. From his concealment he watched its effect upon Phroditis. She started up from her reclining position, and was for a moment in a state of mute surprise. This might have been somewhat owing to the knock being uncertain and irregular—a diffused sort of knock, which betrayed trembling fingers; and Phroditis knew of nobody who was likely to so approach her, or would have occasion to announce their neighbourhood with such eccentricity of fear. Nay she could pretty well calculate the knocks of all her visitors, and this was a strange one. The telegraph presented a figure which was not to be found in her key-book of signals. The pause was only that of a moment; and Phroditis said "come in" in perhaps rather a higher key than would have been consequent upon a freedom from surprise, and at the same time perhaps from timidity.

The last extract we can admit will shew Mr. JENNINGS's capacity for sentimental writing. The subject he expatiates upon has engaged in turn pretty well every writer of fiction which this and every other civilized country has produced; every one, however, has a manner of his own, and if we have here nothing new, what is old is forcibly—sometimes, indeed, extravagantly—expressed.

LOVE.

Of all passions in the world, love not only is the most tyrannical, and takes the deepest hold, but is also speediest in its transformation, and in its change of the scenery round us; nay, the scenery environing the heart. That love is the great sweetener of existence—the active and stirring principle—that spring which sets everything in motion—the vivid awakener, exponent and representation of all the finest, most delicate, and subtlest movements in our spiritual nature, who could deny! But it must differ in all minds; the tasteful can love but with taste; the delicate with delicacy; the fervent and eager with high impellant strength, and burning completeness and abandonment. There is love which once aroused—called to the surface from its tender fountain, and boiling up out of its placid depths, becomes like the torrent sweeping on in impetuosity, rising up against and surmounting with fury all the petty obstacles and small interruptions which the envy or cautious policy, the coldness or worldliness of man seek to interpose to it. Love is such a giant power that it seems to gather strength from obstruction, and at every difficulty rises to higher might. It is all dominant—all conquering; a grand leveller which can bring down to its own universal line of equilization the proudest heights, and remove the stubbornest impediments. There is no hope of resisting it, for it outwatches watch—submerges everything, acquiring strength as it proceeds; ever-growing, nay, growing out of itself. * * * Love is the light, the majesty of life: that principle to which after all our struggling, and writhing, and twisting, all things must be resolved. Take it away, and what becomes of the world! It is a barren wilderness. A world of monuments, each standing upright and crumbling: an army of grey stones, without a chaplet, without a leaf to take off with its glimpse of green their flat insipidity and offensive uniformity, upon a shrubless plain. Things base and foul, creeping and obscene, withered and bloodless and brainless, could alone spring from such a marble-hearted soil. Its vegetation must be flint; its grass but fields of *spicula*, like white coral, shivering to the foot. Heaped sand, springless, herbless; slaty rocks and limestone splinters, cold and impenetrable as Egyptian obelisks, scattered to stand for ever in the profundity of their own desolation, and to rear their giant shapes to a heaven of lead, whose clouds sluggishly and ponderously move, like marble islands, in an atmosphere of hopeless depression, stagnant and unmoving. Love is the sun of the moral world; which revives, invigorates, calls into life, and illumines all objects; gives strength to the weak, fire to our plans and purposes, brings about great things, and is at once the mainspring and grand stirrer of all that is not only sweet, graceful, and beautiful in our constitution, but noble, bold, aspiring. Love's darts are silver when they turn to fire in the noble heart. They impart a portion of that heavenly flame which is their element. Love is of such a refining, elevating character, that it expels all that is mean and base; bids us think great thoughts, do great deeds, changes our common clay into fine gold. It illuminates our path, darkling and mysterious as it may be, with torchlights lit from the one great light. Oh, poor, weak, inexpressive are words when sought to strew, as with stars, the path and track of the expression of love's greatness, and love's power! Dull, pitiful, and cold, a cheating, horny gleam, as strung stones by the side of precious gems, and the far-flashing of the sparkling ruby with his heart of fire! The blue eyes of turquoises, or the liquid light of the sapphire, should alone be tasked to spell along, and character our thoughts of love. Fixed, flaming, and continuous, then truly

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,
would dance, and sparkle, and brightly flash a thousand jewels
twined into language: hooked, and linked, and strung as
flowers of flame, whose dazzling petals, and scorching scrolls,
and ever changing, ever springing blue, and amber, and ruby
beams, would twist and connect into chain of hieroglyphics
keen and shiny as Love's own lucent alphabet, or his diamond
diadem in his own blue heaven. Then might we, indeed,

Glow while we read, and tremble while we write.

Already we have filled the space we may, without inconvenience, bestow to this work. We must, however, inform the reader, that the second romance, "Atcherley," has for its base the Rye-house Plot; that among the

characters, who, unlike those in the *Ship of Glass*, are here not imaginary, we have CHARLES the Second, ROCKINGHAM, and others, all of whom are clearly discriminated and spiritedly drawn; that the interest is well sustained throughout, the description extremely vivid, and the scenes not unfrequently dramatic. In brief, *The Ship of Glass* (comprehending both romances) is a welcome and meritorious addition to our stock of fiction, and one which we have no doubt will become, as it deserves to be among the readers of light literature, extremely popular.

POETRY.

Algiers the Warlike, and other Poems. By JOHN HENRY PRINGLE. 8vo. London, 1846. John Ollivier. EQUALLY for the contents which it enshrines, and the tasteful and liberal manner in which it has been brought out, this is an acceptable book for the drawing-room, or library-table.

The chief poem, "Algiers the Warlike," contains a description of the town of Algiers, and of a skirmish between the French and Arabs, which the author, "a peaceable traveller," as he styles himself, witnessed; and concludes with a review of the history of the nations whose empire was situated in the northern division of Africa. The battle is sketched with spirit, and the reflections which the author utters on the circumstances before him, though sometimes common-place, are always just and natural. Mr. PRINGLE has a happy facility for versification, and his imagery is well selected, though not always sufficiently abundant. We extract his review of the nations who once held rule in Africa:—

"Behold! wherever Afric's golden clime
Erst lighted up dominion's proud array,
On Empire's grave, the wizard hand of Time
Has traced the Mighty's epitaph—'DECAY.'"

On ocean's azure brow, the evening star
Shines beautiful, and cloudless as of yore;
Whilst, on earth's bosom, there but rests a scar,
Where Carthage glitter'd on her crowded shore.

Rome's angry eagles hover'd out their hour;
Kingdoms her trophies,—all mankind her foe.
Then Rome was startled from her dream of power;
And prostrate nations bell'd her overthrow.

E'en from this spot, the wand'rer's eye can trace,
Where yon far sea-fowl plies his fading wings,
The doubtful tomb of a departed race;
The narrow'd empire of Numidia's kings.

Behold! the glory that inspir'd the great!
The end of all ambition's fever'd care!—
To rot for ages in imperial state;

Till men forget what clay is coffin'd there;
For history doubts and wrangles o'er their tomb.
But there it stands upon the lonely shore;
A sign of death's inevitable doom;—
A shrine of kings whose kingdoms are no more.

Once deeds of wide renown were acted here,
When Syphax fiery ranks were taught to flee:
When Sophonisba calmed her lover's fear;
And kissed the deadly bowl that set her free.

Oh, Africa! to think that thou hast been
A terror to the tyrant of the world!
What hosts of mighty warriors hast thou seen!
What glorious banners have thy gales unfurl'd,

When Juba's dusky squadrons swept along,
The rider's wrath unbridled as his steed!
But where are now the triumphs of the strong,
The trumpet's shrillness, and the courser's speed?

Land of lost thrones! o'er all thine antique powers,
Has gaunt destruction roll'd his ghastly wave.
Thou skeleton of Empire! thy lone towers
Appear like ghosts that haunt dominion's grave.

As from thy ruin'd ports the waves retire,
Dim moles of mighty structure gleam below.
Not human passions only,—nature's ire
Assisted in thy cities' overthrow.

Nor is it merely Empire's Titan form,
Or kingly glory that has passed away :
In the wild outbreaks of this land of storm,
Christ's altars vanish'd from the light of day.

Where now the Gospel's hallow'd light is dim,
And the bright hope of centuries undone,
Two hundred mitred churches rais'd their hymn,
In loud hosannas to Jehovah's Son.

The Greek, the Roman, Vandal, Arab, Turk,
Stretch'd far and wide the shadow of their power.
Successive victors did destruction's work ;
Succeeding pageants sparkled for an hour.

Unlike in all things : save their love of war,
Their waste of life, and loathing of repose.
The world turned pale, while conquest's crimson star
Redden'd their stormy ocean as it rose.

Their graves are in forgotten battle plains ;
The bow is broke ; the sword is sheath'd in rust ;
The mountain's majesty alone remains.
Altars and thrones have disappear'd in dust.

Tradition lingers : but the antique lyre
That rous'd the nations, is like them at rest
In dust and ashes. The destroyer's fire
Has reconciled th' oppressor and th' oppress'd.

Some of the shorter poems are clever, and most are interesting. If the sentiments are not always new, they have the charm of beauty, and are invariably well expressed. We extract one or two which will sustain these remarks :—

WOMAN'S SMILE.

A scattered smile ; and that I'll live upon.—*As you Like it.*

As when the rose we cherish'd
Lies wither'd on the plain,
Her leaves, tho' pale and perish'd,
Sweet odour still retain ;
As, when a song is ended,
Its music haunts the ear ;
As, when the Sun's descended,
Light lingers o'er his bier ;
So woman's brow, when faded,
Still shines on memory's stream :
The smile that Time has shaded,
Gilds Fancy's darken'd dream.

Ambition's footsteps falter ;
And passion's waves expire ;
Time strews the world's dark altar
With ashes of desire.

But woman's smile for ever
Returns upon our dream :
Once felt, the soul can never
Forget Love's morning beam.

If it were not for the hackneyed rhymes of the first verses, the following would be a more perfect lyric :—

CUPID AND THE BEE.

Cupid ! When thy liquid kisses
So abound with rosy blisses,
Wherefore wilt thou range ?
Furl thy glossy purple platoon ;
Cease acquiring new dominion ;
Cease to sigh for change.

Cupid says, "The roving bee,
Sailing o'er the summer lea,
By each golden bower,
When, delighted, he hath pressed
Nectar from the rose's breast,
Leaves the fairest flower."

Cupid ! when thy liquid kisses,
So abound with luscious blisses,
If thou fain wilt roam ;
Go. But remember, that the bee,
When he sails o'er summer's lea,
Brings its honey home.

The "Lines on Italy," though brief, are beautiful :—

Lines on Italy.

Land of the sun ! I sought thee in my gloom ;
And never wand'r'er hail'd thy purpled shore,
And that bright sky, which gives the vine its bloom,
And smiled not ; tho' the light of life was o'er.

Land of the sun ! where'er my steps may roam,
My thoughts return to thee : thou art my spirit's home.

Morn's glowing radiance, evening's softer hours,
Wing with delight the moments as they run.
Joy to thy golden vallies ! ruby bowers !
Joy to thy dark-eyed damsels of the sun !
Chill'd in this twilight realm, for thee I sigh,
Land of renown and love !—all-beauteous Italy !

One more extract, and we close a volume which contains some heroic, lyric, and didactic poems, which will pleasingly, if not profitably, beguile an hour, and which, therefore, we do not hesitate to commend to the attention of our readers :—

THE NYMPH'S PRAYER TO THE FAIRIES.

Fancy, in her dreams, will dally
Ever near the happy dell,
Where the lilies of the valley
Fringe Titania's fairy well.
Let me join the dance of spring !
Admit me to the fairy ring !
In Titania's fairy ring,
In her rosy bower of bliss,
Love will furl his restless wing ;
Love his chains, with rapture, kiss.
Let me, in her fairy ring,
Join the mystic dance of spring !
While the lilies grace her bower,
Ere that time has soil'd their snow.
Let me gather one gay flower,
Where the fairest, sweetest blow !
Let me join the dance of spring !
Admit me to the fairy ring !

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Cabinet Portrait Gallery of British Worthies.

Vol. IX. London, 1846. Charles Knight and Co. THE characteristics which most distinguish the cheap publications of Mr. KNIGHT from those of other speculators in the field of literature, are their superior soundness, their completeness, and, above all, their utility ; for they ever commend themselves to the reader by offering just that kinds of information which it is essential a well-bred person should be master of.

The lives contained in the work before us, like those which have previously appeared in this series, are judiciously selected, and pithily written ; in brief, they are the perfection of popular biographies. The "worthies" whose history is given in this volume are those of ALGERNON SIDNEY, Sir W. PETTY, THOMAS SYDENHAM, ROBERT BOYLE, RICHARD BAXTER, and HENRY PURCELL. As the last named is perhaps less familiarly known to the mass of English readers than his merits deserve, we extract his life at length from these pages, and though it is the briefest of those comprehended in this volume, it will afford the reader a pretty accurate notion of the merits of the remainder.

LIFE OF PURCELL.

Henry Purcell, the pride and boast of the English school of music, was born in the year 1658, in the city of Westminster, it is generally supposed. His father Henry, and also his uncle Thomas Purcell, were appointed gentlemen of the chapel-royal at the Restoration, and are named in the archives of the herald's college, among the persons who officiated at the coronation of Charles II. The young Henry lost his father when but six years of age, about which time he appears to have entered as one of the children of the chapel under Captain Cook, then master, to whom therefore it is rather more than probable he was indebted not only for his initiation in the principles of music, but for much of his knowledge of its practice, and of its theory as applicable to composition. It is true that on Dr. Blow's monumental tablet in Westminster Abbey it is triumphantly recorded that he was "master to the famous Mr. Henry Purcell ;" and no doubt the youthful musician, when he quitted the chapel on his voice changing, received some instructions from Blow, a master then in high repute, and from

whom a few lessons were enough to recommend to public notice a young man on his entrance into the world; but to Cook the credit is due for the right guidance of Purcell's inborn genius, and for its early cultivation. Sir John Hawkins says, "it is certain that he was a scholar of Pelham Humphrey, who was Cook's successor," but gives no authority for this, and assigns no reason for his belief. Humphrey became master of the children in 1672, when Purcell had attained his fourteenth year, who consequently could not have remained long, if at all, under the tuition of the new master; Cook, therefore, must not on such doubtful evidence be deprived of the praise to which he is entitled for his large share in the education of our great English composer. But, as Dr. Burney has well remarked, "there is nothing more common than this *petit larceny* among musicians. If the first master has drugged eight or ten years with a pupil of genius, and it is thought necessary, in compliance with fancy or caprice, that he should receive a few lessons from a second, this last instantly arrogates to himself the whole honour both of the talents and cultivation of his new scholar, and the first and chief instructor is left to sing *sic vos non vobis*." Purcell was remarkable for precocity of talent, and seconded the liberality of nature by his zeal and diligence. While yet a boy-chorister he composed more than one anthem; and in 1676, though only eighteen years of age, was chosen to succeed Dr. Christopher Gibbons as organist of Westminster Abbey, an appointment of high professional rank. Six years after, in 1682, he became one of the organists of the royal chapel; and there, as well as at the Abbey, produced his numerous anthems, many of which appear in different collections, and nearly all of them have recently been published in one complete work. These were eagerly sought, almost as soon as written, for the use of the various cathedrals, and thus his fame quickly travelled to the remotest parts of England and Ireland. Had Purcell confined himself to church music only, he would have stood on very lofty ground as compared with either his predecessors or contemporaries, and his works would have been transmitted with honour to after-ages; but the greatness of his genius is most conspicuous in his compositions for the chamber and the stage. In these the vividness of his imagination and the fertility of his invention appear in all their affluence, because unrestrained by the character of the poetry to which he gave musical expression, and unincumbered by what is termed musical erudition, a kind of learning which time (even a century and a half ago) and a laudable feeling of veneration had rendered an almost necessary attribute of cathedral harmony. The versatility of his talent and the division of his labours between the church and the theatre, led his facetious friend, Tom Brown, in his "Letters from the Dead to the Living," to say that musical men hang between the church and the playhouse, as Mahomet's tomb does between the two loadstones, and must equally incline to both, because by both are equally supported." Purcell's first essay in dramatic music, when only nineteen years of age, was his setting the songs, &c. in Nahum Tate's "Dido and Æneas," an operetta written for a boarding-school of celebrity. In this is the simple and beautiful duet, "Fear no danger," once sung everywhere and by everybody, but now almost forgotten. The music in Nat. Lee's "Theodosius, or the Force of Love," performed at the Duke's Theatre, in 1690, was his first work for the public stage. In the same year he set new music to "The Tempest," as altered by Dryden, which is still heard with delight; and also the "Prophetess, or Diocletian," altered by Dryden and Betterton from Beaumont and Fletcher. In 1691 he composed the songs, &c. in Dryden's "King Arthur," among which are the inimitable frost-scene, the very original and lovely air, "Fairest Isle," and the charming duet, "Two daughters of this aged stream are we." In 1692 appeared Sir R. Howard's and Dryden's "Indian Queen," with Purcell's music. The fine incantation scene in this, "Ye twice ten hundred deities," is yet often heard in good concerts, but never in fashionable ones. The duet and chorus, "To arms!" and the air, "Britons, strike home!" in Dryden's alteration of "Bonduca," are national property—are our war-songs, always received with acclamations when we are engaged in or menaced by hostilities, and frequently performed during peace on account of their beauty, musically considered. These alone will suffice to carry Purcell's name to distant ages. His music in D'Urfey's "Don

Quixote" is remarkably appropriate and clever: the song, "Genius of England," has few rivals, and the cantata, "Let the dreadful engines of eternal will," sung in the character of the love-distracted Cardenio, is, with the exception of the latter part (now very wisely omitted in the performance), one of the composer's finest creations. He also wrote airs, overtures, and act-tunes for many dramas, among which may be mentioned Dryden and Lee's "Cædipus," "Timon of Athens," "The Fairy Queen," altered from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Dryden's "Tyrannic Love, or the Royal Martyr." The three detached cantatas by Purcell are undeniable proofs of his fancy, energy, and deep feeling. It is sufficient to name "Mad Bess," "Old Tom of Bedlam," or "Mad Tom" (the words by Mr. William Basse, Walton tells us, in his "Angler"), and "From rosy bowers," written by Tom D'Urfey, but not originally sung in "Don Quixote," as Percy seems to think. So well known are these, so highly valued by true connoisseurs, and so much admired by all lovers of music, that one word more in their praise would be superfluous. It is not necessary to enter into any account of, or even to name, his many single songs and duets. After the composer's death they were collected by his widow, and published in two folio volumes, under the title of "Orpheus Britannicus," the second and best edition of which is now very rare. His odes, glees, catches, and rounds are numerous, and several of them familiar to the admirers of vocal harmony. In 1683 he published twelve sonatas for two violins and a bass. In the preface he says that "he has faithfully endeavoured a just imitation of the most famed Italian masters, principally to bring the seriousness and gravity of that sort of music into vogue and reputation among our countrymen, whose humour 't is time now should begin to loathe the levity and balladry of our neighbours." Purcell's esteem for the Italian masters had been before confessed in the dedication of his "Diocletian" to the Duke of Somerset, wherein he modestly remarks, "Poetry and painting have arrived to their perfection in our country: music is yet but in its nonage, a forward child, which gives hope of what it may be hereafter in England, when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'T is now learning Italian, which is its best master, and studying a little of the French air to give it somewhat more of gayety and fashion. Thus being farther from the sun, we are of later growth than our neighbouring countries, and must be content to shake off our barbarity by degrees." Here he does justice to the French school, by which he had certainly profited, though in a perfectly fair manner. Two years after his decease his widow printed the overtures, act-tunes, &c. before mentioned, under the title of "A Collection of Ayres, composed for the Theatres, and on other Occasions," &c. They are in four parts, and continued in use in Dr. Burney's time, till superseded by Handel's concertos and other newer compositions. We have above alluded to Purcell's compositions for the church, and as regards these must add a few remarks. His published anthems amount in number to upwards of fifty; and to these are to be added a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* with orchestral accompaniments—a complete Service, several hymns, motets, and sacred songs. Some of his anthems, especially those in Dr. Boyce's Collection, are still in use in our cathedral and other choirs, and never can be allowed to fall into neglect while the influential persons in those venerable establishments possess any musical discernment. His *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, to which the epithet "grand" is the usual prefix, is a work which has seldom if ever been spoken of but in terms of unqualified panegyric. That it evinces many traits of originality—that it displays a vast deal of scientific skill—that an easy, pleasing melody runs through portions of it—and that it has also the merit of being the first of the kind ever produced in this country, cannot be denied: but, on the other hand, there is in its general structure a want of suitable grandeur—mainly arising from the frequent occurrence of mean passages of pointed, jerking notes in the vocal parts, that take from it much of the solemnity which the subject demands; and these, with certain divisions that disconnect the words and obscure the sense, produce an effect not only undignified, but nearly bordering on the ridiculous. Besides these greater defects, there are in the work some others of less importance, such as a few conceits, some harsh notes, and occasional errors in accentuation and emphasis. The best excuse for the composer is, that most of the errors we have ventured to point out

were common at the time they were committed. Still they are errors, and of magnitude, and should have kept within moderate bounds that warmth of feeling which has led to such unreserved encomiums on what, in our opinion, is by no means to be reckoned among the best of the composer's works.

Purcell died in November, 1695, of consumption, Hawkins surmises; and it is to be wished that this always industrious and sometimes over-diligent historian had not snatched from the oblivion to which it ought to have been consigned, a "tradition" that his death was occasioned by a cold caught in an inclement night, waiting for admittance into his house, Mrs. Purcell having "given orders to his servants not to let him in after midnight." We regret to say that this exceedingly improbable story has lately been revived, without the slightest attempt at proof, accompanied by vituperative expressions most injurious to the memory of one who, if we may judge from her language in the dedication to the "Orpheus Britannicus," was an attached, faithful wife, and incapable of the cruelty alleged against her. Purcell's habits, Hawkins states, were of the most convivial kind, and led him too frequently into the society of "the witty Tom Brown," together with other persons of irregular lives; and thus were, most likely, sown the seeds of a disease which at so early a period terminated a life of such inestimable value.

The remains of this great musician lie in the north transept of Westminster Abbey: on a pillar near the spot is a tablet, placed there by the Lady Elizabeth Howard, on which is the subjoined inscription, commonly attributed to Dryden:—

"Here lies
HENRY PURCELL, Esq.,
who left this life,
and is gone to that blessed place
where only his harmony can be exceeded.
Obiit 21mo. die Novembris,
Anno ætatis sue 37mo.,
Annoq. Domini, 1695."

On the stone over his grave was a Latin epitaph, now entirely effaced. The original and a translation are both given by Hawkins and Burney. Among the works of Dryden is an epitaph on the death of his friend Purcell, but it cannot be viewed as one of the happiest of the great poet's efforts. Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, wrote an ode on the same occasion, in which are some noble thoughts concerning the desire of posthumous fame. It concludes with the following praise of the art in which our British composer signalled himself:—

Music exalts man's nature, and inspires
High elevated thoughts, or gentle kind desires.

A Natural History of Mammalia. By G. R. WATERHOUSE, Esq. Part II. 8vo. London, 1846. Baillière.—The part before us of this most able and complete work is devoted to the Marsupials, chiefly those of Australia. The illustrations and letter-press sustain most fully the eulogium we passed upon this work on our first notice of it.

Parish Churches. By RAPHAEL and J. ARTHUR BRANDON. Part IV. 8vo. George Bell, 1846.—Seven churches are figured in this number—Filby Church, Martham Church, Diopham Church, Morley St. Botolph, and Hingham Churches, in Norfolk; and Rickenhall and Woolpit Churches, in Suffolk. Ground plans of these are given, and letter-press description, which sets forth to advantage the peculiarities and beauties of these structures.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands. By CHAS. ST. JOHN, Esq. London, 1846. Murray. NEXT to a visit to the country, we know of no enjoyment so refreshing, nor any recreation so welcome to the business-chained denizen of town, as a recourse to such books as IZAAK WALTON and GILBERT WHITE, PENNANT and BEWICK, WILLOUGHBY, MONTAGUE, and other naturalists, have bequeathed us. Among living

English writers whose works afford similar entertainment, those of JESSE, and SWAINSON, JENYNS, YARRELL, and GOULD, and, though last, not least, the unaffected and amusing volumes before us, hold a prominent rank.

There is a charm in the contemplation of nature, and especially in observing the habits, instincts, and sagacity of animals, over and above that which arises from the soul's innate perception of the beautiful, or that silent satisfaction which results from recognizing what may be termed "the proprieties of the creation"—by this we mean the location of every thing, animate or inanimate, in its proper sphere, with the invariable discharge of its allotted functions there—and which, though we all feel, it is difficult to describe, much more explain. Yet the dullest peasant owns it, when, looking heavenward, he pauses to listen to the first spring-song of the hovering lark, or, when stretched in the cut grass at noon-tide, he watches with quickening interest the timorous partridge lead down her active brood to drink beneath the willows of the sun-sheltered pool. Naturalists should require no money for their writings; the pay of a Grub-street poet—three and sixpence a day—should be considered ample, for, verily, their occupation is "its own exceeding great reward."

Turn we, however, now to the well-stored and as finely-varied pages of Mr. ST. JOHN; and first we extract his graphic and minute account of the mode in which the "felon fox" often circumvents his prey. One is almost angry, however, at the *finale*, and inclined to hold that a hare so cleverly knapped deserved to be enjoyed.

CUNNING OF THE FOX.

When living in Ross-shire, I went one morning in July before daybreak, to endeavour to shoot a stag, who had been complained of very much by an adjoining farmer, as having done great damage to his crops. Just after it was daylight, I saw a large fox come very quietly along the edge of the plantation in which I was concealed; he looked with great care over the turf-wall into the field, and seemed to long very much to get hold of some hares that were feeding in it—but apparently knew that he had no chance of catching one by dint of running; after considering a short time, he seemed to have formed his plans, and having examined the different gaps in the wall by which the hares might be supposed to go in and out, he fixed upon the one that seemed the most frequented, and laid himself down close to it in an attitude like a cat watching a mouse-hole. Cunning as he was, he was too intent on his own hunting to be aware that I was within twenty yards of him with a loaded rifle, and able to watch every movement he made; I was much amazed to see the fellow so completely outwitted, and kept my rifle ready to shoot him if he found me out and attempted to escape. In the mean time I watched all his plans: he first with great silence and care scraped a small hollow in the ground, throwing up the sand as a kind of screen between his hiding-place and the hares' meuse—every now and then, however, he stopped to listen, and sometimes to take a most cautious peep into the field; when he had done this, he laid himself down in a convenient posture for springing upon his prey, and remained perfectly motionless with the exception of an occasional reconnoitre of the feeding hares. When the sun began to rise, they came one by one from the field to the cover of the plantation; three had already come in without passing by his ambush, one of them came within twenty yards of him, but he made no movement beyond crouching still more flatly to the ground—presently two came directly towards him; though he did not venture to look up, I saw by an involuntary motion of his ears, that those quick organs had already warned him of their approach; the two hares came through the gap together, and the fox springing with the quickness of lightning caught one and killed her immediately; he then lifted up his booty and was carrying it off like a retriever, when my rifle ball stopped his course by passing through his backbone, and I went up and despatched him. After seeing this I never wondered again as to how a fox could make a prey of animals much quicker than himself, and apparently quite as cunning.

Worthy of the descriptive powers of SCOTT, or the pencil of WILKIE, or ALEXANDER FRASER, is this picture of a Highland cabin, and the simple meal of its habitants. The stretching forth of hands, and muttering a grace by these simple mountaineers, is highly characteristic of the Scotch. We wish we could add of the English also.

A HIGHLAND BREAKFAST.

The highest building on the river, if building it can be termed, is a small shealing, or summer residence of the shepherds, called, I believe, Dahlvaik. Seeing some smoke coming from this hut, we went to it. When at some few hundred yards off, we were greeted with a most noisy salute from some half-dozen sheep-dogs, who seemed bent on eating up my bloodhound. But having tried her patience to the uttermost, till she rolled over two or three of them rather roughly (not condescending, however, to use her teeth), the colleys retreated to the door of the shealing, where they redoubled, if possible, their noise, keeping up a concert of howling and barking enough to startle every deer in the country. My companion, whose knowledge of the English tongue was not very deep, told me that the owners of the dogs would be some "lads from Strath Errick," who were to hold a conference with him about some sheep. A black-headed, unshaven Highlander having come out, and kicked the dogs into some kind of quiet, we entered the hut, and found two more "lads" in it, one stretched out on a very rough bench, and the other busy stirring up some oatmeal and hot water for their breakfast. The smoke for a few moments prevented my making out what or who were in the place. I held a short (very short) conversation with the three shepherds, they understanding not one word of English, and I understanding very few of Gaelic. But, by the help of the man who accompanied me, I found out that a stag or two were still in the glen, besides a few hinds. The meal and water having been mixed sufficiently, it was emptied out into a large earthen dish, and placed smoking on the lid of a chest. Each man then produced from some recess of his plaid a long wooden spoon; whilst my companion assisted in the ceremony by fetching some water from the river in a bottle. They all three, then, having doffed their bonnets, and raising their hands, muttered over a long Gaelic grace. Then, without saying a word, set to with good will at the scalding mess before them, each attacking the corner of the dish nearest him, shovelling immense spoonfuls down their throats; and when more than usually scalded—their throats must have been as fire-proof as that of the Fire King himself—taking a mouthful of the water in the bottle, which was passed from one to the other for that purpose. Having eaten a most extraordinary quantity of the pottage, each man wiped his spoon on the sleeve of his coat, and again said a grace. The small remainder was then mixed with more water and given to the dogs, who had been patiently waiting for their share. After they had licked the dish clean, it was put away into the meal-chest, the key of which was then concealed in a hole of the turf wall. I divided most of my cigars with the men to smoke in their pipes, and handed round my whisky-flask, reserving a small modicum for my own use during the day.

If HOBBS or WYNANTS had painted the following succession of views, they could not have produced anything more spirited and faithful to nature than the subjoined description of the scenery of the Findhorn. How appropriately come in the old salmon-fisher on the point of his slippery rock, and the herons perched on the topmost branches of the larch and birch trees!

SCENERY OF THE FINDHORN.

On the left side of the river, as it proceeds towards the sea, is a succession of most beautiful banks and heights, fringed with the elegant fern and crowned with juniper, which grows to a very great size, twisting its branches and fantastic roots in the quaintest forms and shapes imaginable over the surface of the rocks. The lovely weeping-birch is everywhere, and about Coulmony are groves of magnificent beech and other forest-trees. On the opposite side are the wooded hills and heights of Relugas, a spot combining every description of beauty. The Findhorn here receives the tributary waters of the Dure, a burn, or rather river, not much inferior in size and beauty to the main river. Hemmed in by the same kind

of birch-grown banks and precipitous rocks, every angle of the Findhorn river presents a new view and new beauty, and at last one cannot restrain the exclamation of "Surely there is no other river in the world so beautiful." At Logie the view of the course of the river, and the distance seen far up the glen till it is gradually lost in a succession of purple mountains, is worth a halt of some time to enjoy. The steep banks opposite Logie, clothed with every variety of wood, are lovely, and give a new variety to the scene as we enter on the forests of Darnaway and Altyre. The woodpigeon coos and breeds in every nook and corner of the woods, and towards evening the groves seem alive with the song of blackbirds and thrushes, varied now by the crow of the cock pheasant, as he suns himself in all his glittering beauty on the dry and sheltered banks of the river. Still for many miles is the river shut in by extensive woods, and overhung by splendid fir, larch, and other trees, while the nearly perpendicular rocks are clothed with the birch and the ladylike bird-cherry, the holly and bride-berried mountain ash growing out of every niche and cleft, and clinging by their serpent-like roots to the bare face of the rock; while in the dark damp recesses of the stone grow several most lovely varieties of pale-green ferns and other plants. In the more sunny places you meet with the wild strawberry and purple fox-glove, the latter shooting up in graceful pyramids of flower. Between Logie and Slais are some of the highest rocks on the river, and from several hundred feet above it you can look straight down into the deep pools and foaming eddies below you. At a particular gorge, where the river rushes through a passage of very few feet in width, you will invariably see an old salmon-fisher perched on a point of rock, with his eye intent on the rushing cataract below him, and armed with a staff of some sixteen feet in length ending in a sharp hook, with which he strikes the salmon as they stop for a moment to rest in some eddy of the boiling torrent before taking their final leap up the fall. Watch for a few moments, and you will see the old man make a peculiar plunge and jerk with his long clip into the rushing water, and then hoisting it into the air he displays a struggling salmon impaled on the end of the staff, glancing like a piece of silver as it endeavours to escape. Perhaps it tumbles off the hook, and dropping into the water, floats wounded away, to fall a prey to the otter or fox in some shallow below. If, however, the fish is securely hooked, there ensues a struggle between it and the old man, who, by a twist of his stick, turns himself and the fish towards the dry rock, and having shaken the salmon off the hook, and despatched it with a blow from a short cudgel which he keeps for the purpose, covers it carefully up with wet grass, and lowering the peak of his cap over his eyes, resumes his somewhat ticklish seat on the rock to wait for the next fish. On some days, when the water is of the right height, and the fish are numerous and inclined to run up the river, the old man catches a considerable number; though the capture of every fish is only attained by a struggle of life and death between man and salmon, for the least slip would send the former into the river, whence he could never come out alive. I never see him catch one without feeling fully convinced that he will follow the example of his predecessor in the place, who was washed away one fine day from the rock, and not found for some days, when his body was taken out of the river several miles below. In these pools (every one of which has a name) you will see some sportsman angling, not like the sans-culotte shepherd's boy at Coignafarn, with his hazel-wand and line made by himself, but here you have a well-equipped and well-accounted follower of the gentle craft in waterproof overalls, and armed with London rod and Dublin fly, tempting the salmon from their element with a bright but indefinable mixture of feathers, pigs'-wool, and gold thread; while his attendant, stretched at his ease, wonders at the labour his master undertakes, and watches quietly the salmon as he rises from some dark abyss of the water, poises himself for a moment steadily opposite the glittering hook, makes a dash rapid as thought at it, and then swims slowly back to his ambuscade in the depth of the water, not aware, till he feels the jerk of the line, that he is carrying with him, not a painted dragon-fly, but a carefully prepared and strong weapon of death, which he will only get quit of with his life. The nets are at work too, sweeping a deep and quiet pool, but seldom with much success, owing to the

inequalities of the bottom of the river. Making a wide turn here, the river passes by an object of great interest, the Findhorn heronry, a collection of these birds quite unique in their way. They have taken possession of a number of old trees growing on the Darnaway side of the river, and here, year after year, they repair their old nests and bring up their young, not frightened away by the frequenters of a walk which passes immediately under their nests. Numbers of the old birds may be seen sitting motionless on the dead branches, or perched on the very topmost twig of a larch or birch-tree.

Only in Wales and on the Wye do we remember to have seen that curious bird the Water-Ouzel. Mr. ST. JOHN has watched him with care, and confirms the assertion of some naturalists, which others have denied, that he walks and feeds under the water. We cannot doubt the accuracy of Mr. ST. JOHN, though our own experience does not support him; but we have more than once seen the common water-rat, when fearing to rise above water, not dive towards his subaqueous hole, but walk to it deliberately, and that greatly to our astonishment, seeing that the body of the animal is lighter than water, and he must find a difficulty in keeping steady on the stony bottom.

THE WATER-OUZEL.

I do not know, among our common birds, so amusing and interesting a little fellow as the water-ouzel, whether seen during the time of incubation, or during the winter months, when he generally betakes himself to some burn near the sea, less likely to be frozen over than those more inland. In the burn near this place there are certain stones, each of which is always occupied by one particular water-ouzel: there he sits all day, with his snow-white breast turned towards you, jerking his apology for a tail, and occasionally darting off for a hundred yards or so, with a quick, rapid, but straight-forward flight; then down he plunges into the water, remains under for perhaps a minute or two; and then flies back to his usual station. At other times the water-ouzel walks deliberately off his stone down into the water, and, despite of Mr. Waterton's strong opinion of the impossibility of the feat, he walks and runs about on the gravel at the bottom of the water, scratching with his feet among the small stones, and picking away at all the small insects and animalculæ which he can dislodge. On two or three occasions, I have witnessed this act of the water-ouzel, and have most distinctly seen the bird walking and feeding in this manner under the pellucid waters of a Highland burn. It is in this way that the water-ouzel is supposed to commit great havoc in the spawning beds of salmon and trout, uncovering the ova, and leaving what it does not eat open to the attacks of eels and other fish, or liable to be washed away by the current; and, notwithstanding my regard for this little bird, I am afraid I must admit that he is guilty of no small destruction amongst the spawn. The water-ouzel has another very peculiar habit, which I have never heard mentioned. In the coldest days of winter I have seen him alight on a quiet pool, and with out-stretched wings recline for a few moments on the water, uttering a most sweet and merry song—then rising into the air, he wheels round and round for a minute or two, repeating his song as he flies back to some accustomed stone. His notes are so pleasing, that he fully deserves a place in the list of our song-birds; though I never found but one other person, besides myself, who would own to having heard the water-ouzel sing. In the early spring, too, he courts his mate with the same harmony, and pursues her from bank to bank singing as loudly as he can—often have I stopped to listen to him as he flew to and fro along the burn, apparently full of business and importance—then pitching on a stone, he would look at me with such confidence, that, notwithstanding the bad name he has acquired with the fishermen, I never could make up my mind to shoot him. He frequents the rocky burns far up the mountains, building in the crevices of the rocks, and rearing his young in peace and security, amidst the most wild and magnificent scenery.

Since the great increase of fir-plantations in Scotland numbers of woodcocks remain there and breed. The only instance throughout these volumes where our pre-

judices as a sportsman have been violated—as we care little for hunting—we made no violent outcry against his shooting the fox—is that where Mr. ST. JOHN describes

A SUMMER BATTUE OF WOODCOCKS.

I rather astonished an English friend of mine, who was staying with me in Inverness-shire during the month of June, by asking him to come out woodcock-shooting one evening. And his surprise was not diminished by my preparations for our battue, which consisted of ordering out chairs and cigars into the garden at the back of the house, which happened to be just in the line of the birds' flight from the woods to the swamps. After he had killed three or four from his chair, we stopped murdering the poor birds, who were quite unfit to eat, having probably young ones, or eggs, to provide for at home, in the quiet recesses of the woods, along the banks of Lochness, which covers afford as good woodcock-shooting as any in Scotland.

The following particulars relating to the natural history of the woodcock are interesting:—

The female makes her nest, or rather lays her eggs—for nest she has none—in a tuft of heather, or at the foot of a small tree. The eggs are four in number, and resemble those of a plover. They are always placed regularly in the nest, the small ends of the eggs meeting in the centre. When disturbed from her nest, she flutters away like a partridge, pretending to be lame, in order to take the attention of the intruder away from her young or eggs. It is a singular, but well-ascertained fact, that woodcocks carry their young ones down to the springs and soft ground where they feed. Before I knew this, I was greatly puzzled, as to how the newly-hatched young of this bird could go from the nest, which is often built in the rankest heather, far from any place where they could possibly feed, down to the marshes. I have, however, ascertained that the old bird lifts her young in her feet, and carries them one by one to their feeding-ground. Considering the apparent improbability of this curious act of the woodcock, and the unfitness of their feet and claws for carrying or holding any substance whatever, I should be unwilling to relate it on my own unsupported evidence; but it has been lately corroborated by the observations of several intelligent foresters and others, who are in the habit of passing through the woods during March and April. The woodcock breeds a second time in July and August. I am of opinion that all those which are bred in this country emigrate about the beginning of September, probably about the full moon in that month. At any rate they entirely disappear from woods where any day in June or July I could find several brace. In September and the beginning of October I could never find a single bird, though I have repeatedly tried to do so. A few come in October; but the greatest number which visit this country arrive at the November full-moon; these birds invariably taking advantage of the lightest nights for their journey. In many parts of the country near the coast, the day, and almost the hour, of their arrival can be accurately calculated on, as also the particular thickets and coverts where the first birds alight.

One more extract only can we permit ourselves to indulge in, and that, though long, will be read with no common interest. The clearing off of the mountain storm is described with magical fidelity; and the death of the stag is also admirably told.

Donald was employed in the more useful employment of bobbing for burn trout with a line and hook he had produced out of his bonnet—that wonderful blue bonnet, which, like the bag in the fairy tale, contains anything and everything which is required at a moment's notice. His bait was the worms which in a somewhat sulky mood he kicked out of their damp homes about the edge of the burn. Presently the ring-ouzel began to whistle on the hill side, and the cock grouse to crow in the valley below us. Roused by these omens of better weather, I looked out from our shelter, and saw the face of the sun struggling to show itself through the masses of cloud, while the rain fell in larger but more scattered drops. In a quarter of an hour the clouds were rapidly disappearing, and the face of the hill as quickly opening to our view. We remained under shelter a few minutes longer, when suddenly, as if by magic, or like the lifting of the curtain at a theatre, the whole hill was perfectly clear

from clouds, and looked more bright and splendidly beautiful than anything I had ever seen. No symptoms were left of the rain, excepting the drops on the heather, which shone like diamonds in the evening sun. The masses of rock came out in every degree of light and shade, from dazzling white to the darkest purple, streaked here and there with the overpourings of the swollen rills and springs, which danced and leapt from rock to rock, and from craig to craig, looking like streams of silver. "How beautiful!" was both my inward and outward exclamation. "Deed it's not just so dour as it was," said Donald; "but, the Lord guide us! look at yon," he continued, fixing his eye on a distant slope, at the same time slowly winding up his line and pouching his trout, of which he had caught a goodly number. "Tak your perspective, Sir, and look there," he added, pointing to his chin. I accordingly took my perspective, as he always called my pocket-telescope, and saw a long line of deer winding from amongst the broken granite in single file down towards us. They kept advancing one after the other, and had a most singular appearance as their line followed the undulations of the ground. They came slowly on, to the number of more than sixty (all hinds, not a horn amongst them), till they arrived at a piece of table-land four or five hundred yards from us, when they spread about to feed, occasionally shaking off the rain-drops from their hides, much in the same manner as a dog does on coming out of the water. "They are no that canny," said Donald. "*Nous verrons*," said I. "What's your wall?" was his answer; "I'm no understanding Latin, though my wife has a cousin who is a placed minister."

I saw no chance of getting near the big-antlered leader, though one of the smaller stags could easily have been shot. After consulting with Donald, I sent him to make a large circuit, and when he got quite round them he was to show himself in the distance to the deer. We reckoned on their leaving the glen by a particular pass, close to which I stationed myself. I kept both gun and rifle with me. From my position, though I could not see Donald, I had a good view of the deer. After waiting for nearly an hour, I saw one of the smaller stags suddenly stop in his rounds, and having gazed for a moment or two in the direction in which I knew Donald was, he trotted nearer to the hinds, still, however, halting occasionally, and turning an anxious glance down the valley. I saw by his manner that he had not quite made up his mind as to whether there was an enemy at hand; not having got the wind of Donald, but probably having caught a glimpse of some part of his cap or dress.

The stag then stood motionless on a small hillock, with his head turned towards the suspected quarter, though none of his rivals took any notice of him. The hinds, one and all, kept a most anxious watch on his movements, evidently aware that he suspected some danger. In the meantime Donald seemed to have got a little more to windward of the deer. Presently one old hind got up and snuffed the air, then another and another, till all were on their legs; still they were not decided as to the danger. At last a general panic seemed to seize the hinds, and they all trotted together a short way up the hill; the large stag had got up also, but seemed not at all disposed to make off. The hinds came to a halt near the top of the first slope of the hill, and were joined immediately by about a dozen stags, who, collecting together, galloped up the hill to join them; this seemed to arouse the old fellow, and he trotted up after them. The hinds only waited for his joining them, and then the whole herd set off towards my pass. They had to cross a trifling hollow, during which time I lost sight of them. When they emerged their order had quite changed; first of all came eight stags in a body, jostling each other as they hurried up through the narrow passes of the rocks; then came the whole lot of hinds, mostly in single file, but breaking into confused flocks as they passed over pieces of heather and open ground; next to them came the object of our manoeuvres, and at a small distance behind him the rest of the stags, four or five in number. On they came, sometimes in full view and sometimes half concealed from me. Donald, too, now shewed himself, waving his plaid. The hindmost deer halted on seeing him, and then rushed on to the main herd, who now all got into rare confusion as they hurried on to the pass through which they left the glen. The foremost stags were now passing one by one within forty yards of me; just at that point they had to make a spring over a kind of chasm in their road. I kept quite

motionless, and they did not observe me, half concealed as I was amongst the grey rocks. Now came the hinds, with a noise like a rushing stream, amongst them were four or five stags; they were trotting quickly past me, when an unlucky hind caught sight of my rifle-barrel as a ray of the sun fell upon it; the rest of the herd took the alarm from her manner, and they all rushed through the pass in the most mad confusion. The difficult part was only a few yards in length, and once through this, they got into regular order again. But where is their lord and leader? I was afraid to look over my ambuscade for fear of turning him. Just as I was about to do so, however, I heard his step on the stones, and in the next moment he was in full view passing broadside to me, but going slowly and undecided whether to proceed or turn back, having perceived the panic of the rest of the flock. When he came to the difficult point where the rest had leaped, he halted for a moment, looking round. The next moment my rifle-ball passed through the top of his shoulder, just too high; the blow, however, knocked him down, and before he was up I had my gun in my hand; the poor brute rose, and looked wildly round; not knowing where the enemy was, nor which way to go, he stood still, looking with anxious glance at his companions, who were galloping off up an opposite slope. Expecting him to drop dead every moment, I did not pull the trigger, but kept my aim on him. The way the rest had gone seemed too rough for him, and after standing for a minute gazing after them, he turned round with the intention, probably, of going down the hill to some well known burn where he had been in the habit of bathing, and cooling his limbs. He twice fell to his knees before he had gone five yards, and then walked slowly away. I thought he might recover strength, and taking a deliberate aim, I fired. This time he fell without a struggle, perfectly dead. Donald joined me by the time I had bled him, and examined the shot-marks. One had broken the very top of his shoulder, but just missed the large arteries; the other ball seemed to have passed through his heart. The Highlander was vastly delighted at our getting the stag we had determined on, but his enjoyment was somewhat damped by my not having sent both barrels into the middle of the hinds. "Aiblins your honour would have tuk down twa or three at each shot, and the brutes will all be off our march in an hour's time. Lord, Sir, if I had only been where your honour was, with the double-barrel loaded with swan-post, I'd hae rattled it about their lugs; I fairly suspect I'd have put down half-a-dizen." I consoled Donald with a dram, and we set to work to prepare our stag for taking home, which, with the help of a shepherd's pony, we succeeded in doing before night.

Here we take leave of a book from which we have freely borrowed, but in a manner, we trust, to amuse and interest our readers; and which, by exciting their curiosity, may tempt them to purchase it; and we promise whoever does so that after its perusal he will agree with us that a more charming series of natural pictures, and a more valuable collection of interesting facts and useful remarks on animals and their history have not been laid before the public this many a year.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

ROMANCES.

WE have several German tales and novels claiming our attention, scarcely worth each a distinct notice, but which it is necessary not to pass over in total silence.

"Sympathien," is the title of what the writer calls a picture of the inner life of **FREDERICK DORNAN**. Graves and crosses, dark lowering figures, unheard-of horrors, sentiments entertained by no ordinary mortals—all these combined, form such an impenetrable web in this little book, that it is difficult to distinguish the thread of story among so much that is apparently superfluous. The hero, Edward, is the man of sympathy, in love, as he pretends, with half a dozen women at once, or in strict truth, with three; by three also he is loved, and he dies because one of them dies for him. None of these several characters can be said to appertain to this world; the

most simple and common-place incidents of daily life are seized upon and represented in such a strange and fantastic manner, that they become lost in the maze around, and are rather an impediment than an aid to the progress of the tale. From this it results that the reader soon becomes wearied, and can only awake his attention by a determined effort, notwithstanding that really deep poetical feeling, many graceful reflections and earnest truthful thoughts are occasionally found to help him onward. The moral, which occurs to the reader, whether such as the author intended it or not remains a question—is that the intellectual Don Juans whose imaginations are for ever occupied with some wild sentiment or other, are eventually as much to be compassionated as the extravagant Juan of the more ordinary class.

"The Unknown, Die Unbekannte, aus den papieren einer Fürstin," is a novel of a very common class, full of love adventures, and affairs of the heart between numerous couples, each in the way of the other, meeting and separating when they ought not to, and perpetually losing and finding themselves again. To follow out the impulse of the times we are introduced to the ranks of the Jesuits; this is not, however, well done, but on the contrary, forced, instead of being woven, into the narrative. It is at once evident that we have before us no work of art; the author seems to possess one or two romantic notions, gleaned, for the most part, from a course of romance reading, and these he has contrived to weave together with tolerable skill. The characters are but roughly sketched, and there is not one among them that appears to us original; it would be as well if the "Unknown" would keep these many "secrets," as he calls them, still hidden from an uncurious public.

"Bilder aus den Kriegezeiten Tirols," Sketches from the wars of the Tyrol, are a series of historical and poetical narratives from ALDIS FLIC; they are written with vigour and spirit, with a faithful regard to facts, and would not only be interesting to the Tyrolean patriot, but to all who took part in the triumphs or woes of freedom. The first tale concerns the war itself; the second is based upon its consequences; the third upon the opinions and conditions preceding it. This latter approaches nearest in form and matter to the general character of a novel. The author seems anxious, by his example, to instigate others to the collection of interesting anecdotes, and characteristic circumstances, which, when well worked out, might form a just representation of the life and being of his country at that period; it appears also that we may look for others of a similar nature from his own pen—an expectation which must be sincerely welcomed by the reading world. The poems may indeed be said to have more historical than poetical merit; the subject was clearly of more importance than the form; nevertheless, they are quite calculated to impress upon all the remembrance of eventful and unhappy times.

"Nordische Laudreise," Northern Excursion, is the title of a volume of sketches, tales, and poems, by RYNO QUEHL. It is rather difficult to describe its contents. As a memorial of a tour among northern *buden*, wherein all things are portrayed in a tolerably humorous manner, it may serve its purpose pretty well. The author, with the style of a man of the world, treats of the questions of the day with an air of authority. He does not scruple to lash the men, opinions, and prejudices of his age; on the upper classes, in particular, he is very severe, and among them especially he marks out princes, counts, and generals, for the objects of his venom. The poems, for the most part occasional, are quite insignificant; some sketchy tales, indeed, may have been welcome and delightful under the circumstances of delivery, but to us they scarcely appear worth the trouble of printing. The best part of the volume is to be found in a sort of portrait gallery of the guests at the baths, which, written with some humour and cleverness, can hardly fail in occa-

sionally moving the risible muscles of the reader. On the whole, there is something to amuse, but nothing to admire in this volume.

There is a work from the pen of HERLESSJOHN, entitled "Die Tochter des Piccolomini," deserving of much praise. The scene is laid in Bohemia, during the Thirty Years' War. It is one of those rare German novels, full of a life and vigour of its own, and not depending for interest and excitement upon the questions or circumstances of the time; that is to say, no more than is necessarily involved by a profound hatred of Jesuitism, and the Roman priesthood, which now certainly penetrates everywhere. The heroine is first seen as the daughter of a good-hearted, sharp-witted Jew, by name Ephraim, to whose care she has been consigned, and the child is brought up in the Jewish religion. Her fate is of course subject to manifold changes; a certain Count Kinsky becomes attracted towards her, and to avoid his insulting persecutions she leaves the house of her foster-parents, under the escort of a more worthy adorer, and Jewish friend. Accident enables her to discover the certificate of her baptism and the name of her parents. She therefore seeks out her mother in the town of Przelautsch, but finds only her tomb; in her further progress she falls into the hands of some fanatical Catholics, and her conversion instantly becomes a matter of importance. She is ill-treated and imprisoned, but escapes once more, with the assistance of the same friend. One danger follows after another, until at length, condemned to death, she discovers her father, is saved by him, acknowledged as his own, and, finally, married to the Graf Kinsky. In this, the chief romance, are blended many others, while the historical background to the various groups is painted with much power of hand and richness of colouring. From the whole we learn accurately the condition of Bohemia at the time, the terrible preponderance of one party alternately over the other, and each equally violent and blood-thirsty. The condition of the Jews of that period appears to afford a subject of great interest to the author, being one to which he delights to recur. For ourselves, we must own we found this part of the story too much laboured, notwithstanding the talent displayed in the combination of fact with fiction.

There is no want of scenes manifesting the religious, fanatical, and political feelings of the age; indeed some of the sketches belonging to this division of the subject are among the best in the book. The Spaniard GUERDA, and the fanatic VALERIANUS, may be particularly referred to as powerfully delineated. The licentiousness and extravagance of the Roman priesthood are represented in many scenes; especially in all that concerns the monk SERVAS, do we perceive the recklessness of that church to all but her own immediate ends, her thorough indifference to the horrors practised by her servants so long as they interfered not with her own peculiar advance. We may characterise this novel as one of the happiest combinations of truth and poetry which German historical fiction has produced for some time.

Of a very different, and, in our opinion, of a higher order of writing, is "Der Bälgetreten von Eilesroda," from the pen of GEORG SCHIRGES. The present time has been characterised as the era of popular tales and village narratives. Every day we see more frequently the drawing-room scenes of our novels exchanged for the open country, and damsels of high degree set aside that the peasant girl may be brought forward in her place. Books of this kind, which are indeed written less for the people than upon them, are beginning now to be estimated at their own intrinsic worth; they have a peculiar charm of their own, one too that must rather increase than diminish, seeing that the people are hourly becoming of more importance in the

history of our times, and are daily approaching nearer and nearer in their claims upon the sympathies of the more educated classes. The tale before us is a village story of the most pleasing kind, and contains in it many deep and earnest truths; it treats in full of the domestic politics of the little village of Eilesroda, in which the curate and the bailiff figure at length. In the contentions that arise for official distinction two lovers, the daughter of the bailiff and the son of the curate, are forcibly separated, until at last the curate yields the pretensions he had advanced and is publicly reconciled to his opponent. His sermon of reconciliation in the church is edifying and instructive, beautifully written, and manifesting the true position which should be occupied by the priesthood relatively to their flock; namely, that of earnest peace-makers. Some few tragicomic scenes are described with genuine humour; the author seems to have selected a point of view above his subject, rather than in it, such as enables him to overlook the whole, and move free above the passions of his puppets. Altogether this little work offers much to the edification of all classes of readers.

Not so favourably can we speak of a novel styled "Amelie," published some time since, but which we simply refer to as a means of stigmatising the whole class, of which it is a very correct specimen. The heroine of the romance is a French countess who emigrates with her aged father, during the terrors of the Revolution, to a little town in Germany, where she supports herself and him by the labour of her hands. She has to struggle with many trials and much contempt, but passes through all with grace and dignity; finally she refuses the hand of a young burger whom she loves. He was the intended bridegroom of a rich young maiden, whom he now disregards, and consequently deserts; but Amelie cannot make up her mind to be the despised daughter of any bourgeoisie family; therefore she rejects the lover, and he goes in search of death on the field of battle. Many words we have and few deeds; there is, moreover, throughout a tone of maudlin sentimentality, which, we had hoped, had almost entirely disappeared, reminding us forcibly of the worst productions from the pen of Madame PAOLI, and others of her school.

"Lebensbilder aus unserer Zeit, von H. BLAHN," is the title of a book which according to the preface is dedicated to "women of sentiment and feeling, because, in their hearts only can religion, virtue, or love find sympathy and compassion." Further on the author observes he was "anxious to represent only noble passions, only extraordinary characters, and memorable deeds, that the humiliating and degenerating concerns of ordinary life might remain in the back ground." It is properly a tale in three parts. The characters and actions are but cursorily described; even viewed as sketches they are without force and purport; only one or two scenes give evidence of care, and none at all of art; for instance, that describing Père la Chaise, Florence, and, perhaps, one or two more.

"Sebastain der Spaziergauger" is another novel, the second, we believe, from the pen of FRANZ STELZHAMMER. It is not one that can be called pleasing or satisfactory. The tone adopted is one of bantering pleasantry, while the narrative itself is overlaid and forced. It is full of efforts at wit, cleverness, and geniality. That the author possesses genuine talent had been evidenced before; besides it is still manifest through the affectation, great though it be, of the book in question. It appears to us that he has not yet discovered the form best adapted to shew it to the world. Even the preface carries out the absurdity and nonsense visible elsewhere: "I dedicate this book to my oldest and truest friend, No one," &c. &c. Among the best of the contents we may name the little story "Von wunderbaren Blick;"

it is certainly grotesque, but very entertaining. "The Mechanic" also has merit, but of a different kind, being rather more poetical in its tendency, but at every moment one is oppressed by the forced humour and extravagance which characterize the book throughout.

Another volume by the same author, entitled "Mein Gedauken-buch," my thought-book, is of a quite different and more interesting nature. He remarks in the preface, "Each one, in his own fashion, strives after the one desired, highest aim of human happiness, that is to say, contentment of heart; but it seems to have been lost to us with paradise. We are all the same; whether it be in madness or in wisdom, we aim for ever at this best blessing of heaven, and for ever in vain; our miserable little house, built up on sand with so much hope and care, falls down at the first assault, and we stand by, very heroes of despair. To how few does it succeed!—how few have the energy and courage to go on after perpetual failure! Therefore it is that so many of us wander about our life-long, poor and homeless, finally without hope." It would seem that the volume has been indited in this feeling, one in which all must more or less sympathise; there is a reflection of nature, too, in the whole, which is strong enough to overpower the straining after originality, and the consequent affectation which we should be sorry to regard as general characteristics of this writer. One little fanciful passage we will extract.

The Roman cipher and cross X is more full of meaning than one generally supposes, if we regard it relatively to the periods in our life to which it refers. In the fifth year, no cross, no sorrow makes its appearance in the current of our lives. Scarcely, however, is this reached, and the A B C put into the childish hand, when the upper half of the cross, the V, becomes clearly visible. In the ninth year, when the boy's future becomes a subject of discussion, it glares undeniably before us, still it is, as if protected and shaded by the I, which we must take as typical of the tender mother. But this even disappears, no trace remains, when the boy starts off for school at his tenth year—the cross, X, is then complete! In the twentieth year behold a second perfect cross unites itself to the other, XX! This cross is love. In the thirtieth year comes the third, XXX—that is the cross of domestic care and trouble. In the fortieth year, however, comes another, the crosses of children, and perhaps business. In the fiftieth year, however, every trace has entirely disappeared, all passion is at peace, the man is quiet and resigned, he thinks that now he stands firm and sure upon a broad basis, that all is over; but see! at sixty the cross again appears, LX, some loved one meets with death or disaster, troubles come upon him, officially perhaps, he meets with injustice and ingratitude; and so it goes on increasing in concern and anxiety, to seventy and eighty, each bearing one more cross, until in his ninety years the bent old man becomes suddenly aware of the import of all this, and he leans upon it, trusting and hopefully, until it finally sinks away from sight and mind, in the tranquil perfect hundred, C.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, from 1623 to 1635. Now first collected from Original Records and Contemporaneous Manuscripts, and illustrated with Notes. By ALEXANDER YOUNG. 8vo. pp. 560. Boston, 1846. Little and Brown.**

THE publication, at successive periods, of contemporaneous documents relating to any historical event puts a reader more and more into the position of an original eye-witness and party. Documents not intended for publication are generally the richest materials of history; and it is a well established principle among its writers, that public annals and records will never serve by them-

* This extremely interesting review, published in America, is extracted from the *North American Quarterly Review*.

selves for a sufficient, or even for an accurate, memorial of the past. The historian, almost as much as the biographer, needs the aid of what are called private papers, family registers, letters, note-books, journals, and the fly-leaves of pamphlets, to illustrate and explain the great folio records in print or in manuscript. The second publication or re-editing of a historical document may also give a double value to it. The time which has elapsed since it was first printed has written a commentary upon it, has verified or contradicted its statements, has witnessed the publication of other documents relating to the same scenes and actors, and while it has shewn some of the consequences of former events, it has allowed shadows to gather around them which only the concentration of many rays of light can pierce.

It has often been observed of the annals of the North American Colonies in general, and of those of New England in particular, that they are wholly free from fable, and begin at the very beginning with most authentic materials. This truth is well understood, but it is regarded more as a negative than as a positive fact. The fables are thankfully missed; but gratitude and admiration have not made a sufficient acknowledgment for the mass of original papers which authenticate New England history. It is wonderful that so many records relating to its first settlers and their plantations should have been made; it is more wonderful still, that so large a portion of them should have escaped the hazards of time, till they could be permanently secured. Indeed, we are persuaded that a good argument, were such needed, to establish many honourable distinctions and claims for our fathers, and to assure their faith in the proud results of their mean beginnings, might be raised from the fact that they recorded so much about their own childhood, with its exposures, its fears, and its imperfections. They seem to have known that what they were doing and suffering was worthy of being written down; and while no one of their papers which has as yet come to light betrays any ambition for notoriety then, or for applause afterwards, it may still be said of all of them, that candour and truthfulness, the most specific statement of their views and principles, and a readiness to meet the judgment of the whole world for all time, are the most striking characteristics of every page.

It may likewise be stated, to the credit of our fathers and in large extenuation of their errors, that they practised no concealment. It is from their own writings that their calumniators or accusers obtain all their facts and charges. They did nothing in a corner. Those who suffered by their acts of alleged oppression and bigotry had not to do with sneaking, cowardly persecutors, who were afraid to confess their deeds or to offer their reasons. Scarcely could a sufferer by their intolerance make his way in banishment or flight to the court or the press at London, to tell his tale to their discredit, before the full story was told by the colonists themselves, without loss or addition, at the same bar of royalty or of popular judgment. Their usurpation of certain civil privileges and ecclesiastical functions, which it was not intended they should enjoy, was neither hidden nor denied. They allowed it all, and readily undertook the office of justifying it either by bold inferences from their patent, or by the necessities of their condition. They never even denied that they had made audacious trespass upon the exclusive rights of royalty, by establishing a mint in Boston and coining money there; though their agent at court, taking the sin upon his own soul, ventured to tell Charles the Second, that the pine-tree on the Massachusetts shilling, which the king looked at with amazed distrust, was an effigy of the famous tree thus happily commemorated in "the New England Primer, adorned with cuts:"—

The royal Oak, it was the Tree
That saved his Royal Majesty.

Neither the Brownes of Salem, nor Roger Williams, nor Mrs. Hutchinson, nor the Baptists, nor the Quakers, have related so much tending to the discredit of the Massachusetts rulers in church and state as may be collected from these magistrates' own writings. Their infirmities and inconsistencies are detailed by themselves. Their records are brief, but they are numerous. For nearly every important question which we can ask about the fathers of Massachusetts, we can find an answer; there is scarcely an event or circumstance relating to them the date of which is unknown or doubtful. Their own records of various kinds were in general kept with much more fidelity than were those of their descendants of the third or fourth generation. But an immense amount of literary and antiquarian labour has been necessarily spent upon their original documents. The records of courts, of towns and churches, family registers and grave-stones, letters and diaries, interleaved almanacs and last wills, merely afford materials which by diligent toil may be wrought up into annals and biographies. Considering that no reward of money, and scarcely any of fame, offers incitement to this labour, we may wonder at its amount and its accumulations. Mr. James Savage has been unrivalled among the antiquarians of Massachusetts, and richly deserves his place as president of its Historical Society. What he has not done for all who follow in his track, he has taught them how to do. Prince is the only one who should be mentioned before him, and this rather because he preceded Mr. Savage in time; for the results of Prince's labours stop just where we begin to need them most. Mr. Savage's edition of Governor Winthrop's Journal is a miracle of industry, of acuteness, and of pains-taking research. His Gleanings for New England History, gathered during a recent visit to Old England, fill out many blanks left in the memorials of persons, places, and events, besides affording a sum of particulars which are of a general value in illustrating our annals. They are literally "Gleanings,"—requiring for their collection a survey of the whole field, and abundantly rewarding it.

The two volumes which Mr. Young has given to the public, taken in connection with Mr. Savage's edition of Winthrop, embrace every original and authentic document relating to the early history of Massachusetts. Mr. Young has devoted a volume to each of the ancient and separate Colonies of Plymouth and the Bay, which now are united in this State. "The Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, from 1602 to 1625, now first collected from Original Records and Contemporaneous printed Documents, and illustrated with Notes," was published in 1841, and soon reached a second edition. It can never be superseded, but will henceforward have its place in all public and private libraries as a complete history of the fathers and the beginnings of the Old Colony. The plan of the work is perfectly suited to fulfil its purpose. We are carried by it into the company of those venerable and strong-hearted men and women. We listen to their deliberations and prayers when the project was first entertained among them of seeking a refuge beyond the ocean. We participate in their frequent crosses and their few comforts. We admire their pious magnanimity, and read over and over again each sentence which expresses their sufferings and their constancy. With the help of the notes which the editor, with great industry and most extensive research, has appended to their own records, the early days of these colonists come again before us. The bleak wilderness wears its ancient aspect, while the grave looks of the exiles are turned upon it, and their serious lips open to give names to headlands, rivers, and swamps, and to cheer one another around the smoking ruins of their first common dwelling, or the frosty burial-spot which has given graves to one half of their company.

The volume now before us is a labour of love of the

same character in behalf of the old Bay Colony. No other State in the Union, no other colony, no other country, in the world, can produce such records of its origin as Massachusetts possesses in this volume. Here we have not only the public documents of courts and companies, containing the public history of the origin and plantation of the Colony, but the Journals, Diaries, Memoirs, and Letters of the prime movers in the enterprise. These private papers admit us behind the scenes, and into the homes where our fathers conferred with each other and with their wives and children. We have the means of deciding whether they were led hither by an obstinate and over-scrupulous zeal, and a mercenary, trafficking spirit, as some of their enemies then averred (and they have since reiterated the charge), or whether the purest motives which can be felt in a human breast moved them to their painful self-exile, and gave them the fortitude without which the prisons and graves of England would have had more attraction for them than the free wildernesses of America. Doubtless their story has been told often enough to meet the claims of historic truth, and to vindicate their own good name. Still, we have mistaken the spirit of much that has been said and written of late among us, if we have not rightly inferred that detraction has renewed its attacks upon them. It may be only that some have grown weary of the theme; but we submit that ridicule and sneers are not the most Christian, nor the most commendable, expressions of a distaste for the exaggerations and the fulsome and indiscriminating encomiums which have been spent upon the Pilgrim Fathers. Their story truly and simply told is praise enough, and never will weary a real lover of truth.

Only a small portion of the text of this volume appears here in print for the first time; but this fact hardly lessens the value of the collection. The documents composing it are twenty-four in number, all of them written by actual movers or participants in the settlements in Massachusetts Bay; not one of them is anonymous, or apocryphal, or questionable in its authorship. For the most part, they are printed from the original documents, and, except Governor Winthrop's Journal, they embrace every thing of a historical character which is now known to be extant, from the pens of the first planters. The documents are collected from all quarters, a few of them have never before been printed, and of those which were in print, some were inaccessible to the mass of readers, and others, through the carelessness or impatience of former transcribers of the manuscripts, were published in an inaccurate or imperfect form. They are all chronologically arranged, and accompanied by a body of notes serving to illustrate whatever, by the lapse of time or other causes, had become obscure or unintelligible. The biographical notices are numerous and condensed, requiring extensive inquiries for their preparation. Notes in some books and on some subjects are an intolerable nuisance to a reader, being sometimes more properly entitled to a place in the text, the continuity of which they interrupt, but more commonly not entitled to a place in any part of the volume. In Mr. Young's volumes, his abundant notes are absolutely essential. They give direct and sufficient answers to questions which rise naturally as we read the text, and their completeness and variety double the value of the documents. We feel the more bound to say this, because, while first perusing the book, we felt hastily moved to say something to the contrary. When we were so often referred to the bottom or the middle of a page, to be informed of the population of English towns and cities, and their distances from London, from seaports, and from each other, we were tempted to ask, Why is this? But we now understand that their purpose is to remind or inform all readers, in an indirect way, of the characters and social position of the fathers of Massachusetts, of the bonds which linked

their sympathies together while they lived wide apart at home, of the places where their views were entertained, and of the distances which they travelled to meet one another in their necessary arrangements, or to reach the seaports. Some of these travellers, like the famous ministers, John Cotton and Richard Mather, were compelled not only to go long distances, but to conceal themselves from pursuivants.

A mere enumeration of the documents which compose this volume, with very brief remarks, followed, like the sermons of their authors, with a few suggestions by way of improvement, is the object which we now propose to ourselves. The first document, called "The Planter's Plea," is from a small quarto volume written by the Rev. John White, of Dorchester, England, printed at London, 1630. Though he never came hither himself, Mr. White first moved our fathers to the enterprise. His intimacy with them, and his knowledge of all their plans, give to his record the highest authority. Yet, strange to say, his little book was not used or mentioned by either Mather, Prince, Hutchinson, Bancroft, or Grhame. Mr. Young takes this extract from it for the sake of its methodical and accurate statement of facts relating to the earliest attempts, made first in fishing and trading voyages, and then by a colony, to establish a permanent settlement in Massachusetts Bay. The second document is the preliminary narrative given in Hubbard's History, relating to the first settlements at Cape Ann and Salem. The whole history has been printed in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society; but Mr. Young's extract, copied from the original manuscript, corrects many errors, and embraces the most original and valuable portion of its contents, which the Ipswich minister probably derived from the high authority of Roger Conant. The third chapter or document in these Chronicles contains a complete manuscript, now first printed, of the original records of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, up to the time when the charter was brought over by Governor Winthrop. The most trifling particulars recorded herein are of high interest. The meetings of the company in England, the names of those interested and present, their deliberations, plans, and efforts, the cautious and serious spirit which guided them, are fully presented. We have even the lists of articles for apparel, subsistence, and common use, which formed the freight of the first ships.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

PROBABLE SUB-MARINE VOLCANO.—The ship *Helena*, on her late passage from Batavia to Canton, when in lat. 16 N. long. 125 E. fell in with immense fields of floating pumice-stones, apparently not having been long erupted, as samples that were picked up were perfectly clear of slime or grass, which would not have been the case had they been long afloat. Many pieces were as large as a common bucket. The nearest land to windward was the Marianas or Ladrone Islands, about one thousand miles off. It seems impossible that they could have come from thence, nor could they have come from Luconia, dead to windward.

PRESENTATION OF ORNITHOLOGICAL SPECIMENS TO CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.—A valuable present has, we understand, been offered to the university by Captain F. P. Blackwood, who has lately returned from a survey of Torres Straits, in command of her Majesty's ships *Fly* and *Bramble*. The present consists of a complete collection of preserved skins, of all the known birds of Australia, male and female, and of several of Malacca. They are in excellent plumage and preservation, and will be a very important addition to what the university already possesses in this department of natural history.—*Cambridge Independent Press*.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, nights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

FLORENCE. — (From a Correspondent.) — MURRAY'S "Hand-Book for Northern Italy" is full of blunders. It is, indeed, very little to be relied upon. I have followed its directions as to hotels, and continually found myself at fault. In pursuance of his recommendation, I this summer went to the *Europa*, at Florence. I was plagued with mosquitoes. The *table d'hôte* was wretched. Some days there was not half a supply, in quantity, for the party, and it was always inferior in quality. It is not the place for a gentleman, still less for ladies. Spite of MURRAY, I advise any of your readers going to Florence to choose the *Hotel d'Italie*, or the *Hotel de Gran Bretagne*, and shun the *Europa*. E. C.

Florence, Sept. 11, 1846.

ART.

NATIONAL GALLERY. — The gallery is closed for the vacation, to the public until the 26th October. From a Parliamentary paper lately issued, it appears that 456,105 persons visited the institution in 1843; 681,845 in 1844, and 696,245 in 1845. Mr. Baring Wall moved for a return, which was recently printed, "of all pictures purchased for the National Gallery, distinguishing each and the year when purchased; stating by whom painted, the sums given, and out of what collection." It seems that 114,804*l.* 16*s.* has been laid out in pictures from 1824 to 1845, of which sum 57,000*l.* was paid by Parliament for one lot, consisting of 38 pictures, out of the collection of Mr. Angerstein. For the following 27 pictures the remainder of the sum (57,804*l.* 16*s.*) was paid: — "The Holy Family," by Correggio—3,800*l.*; "Bacchus and Ariadne," by Titian; "Christ appearing to St. Peter," by Anniball Caracci; and a "Bacchanalian Dance," by N. Poussin—9,000*l.*; "Mercury teaching Cupid in the presence of Venus," by Correggio, and the "Ecce Homo," by the same master, 11,550*l.*; "Mercury and the Woodman," by Salvator Rosa—1,680*l.*; "The Holy Family," by Murillo, and "The Brazen Serpent," by Rubens—7,350*l.*; "St. Catherine," by Raffaele; "St. Francis adoring the Infant Christ," by Mazzolino de Ferrara; and "The Holy Family," by Garofalo—7,350*l.*; "St. John," by Murillo—2,100*l.*; "The Magdalen," by Guido—430*l.* 10*s.*; "The Virgin, Infant Saviour, and Saints," and "The Dead Christ, &c." both by Francia—3,500*l.*; "The Virgin and Child," by Pietro Perugino, 800*l.*; a subject not ascertained, by Van Eyck—630*l.*; "An Apotheosis," by Rubens—200*l.*; "The Doge Lore-dano," by Giovanni Bellini—630*l.*; "A Jewish Rabbi," by Rembrandt—473*l.* 11*s.*; "Christ the Young Christ and St. John," by Guido—409*l.* 10*s.*; Gerard Dow's own portrait—131*l.* 5*s.*; "Lot and his Daughters," by Guido—1,680*l.*; "The Judgment of Paris," by Rubens—4,200*l.*; a Portrait (not ascertained by whom)—630*l.*; and "Susannah and the Elders," by Guido—1,260*l.*—In addition to the Velasquez mentioned as having been purchased for the National Gallery, the acquisition has been likewise made, by purchase from Lord Dartmouth, of a small picture, by Anniball Caracci, called the "Temptation of St. Anthony."

In France, the Fine Arts have sustained a loss by the death of M. Théophile Lacaze, the painter, at the premature age of forty-four.

THE MODERN TASTE FOR ANTIQUE FURNITURE. — The furniture and the panels of rooms, in the Louis XIV. style, of which there are so many examples in the shops of dealers, are remarkable for a degree of elegance to which at this day we seldom approach. It is not only in their forms that these are to be admired, but some of them have great beauty of design in the arrangement of different kinds of wood and other materials. We do not allude to the imitation of leaves and flowers, by woods of different colours—a curious branch of art still practised, but which never has in our mind a satisfactory result, but to the geometrical patterns formed in the

venering. Mahogany and rosewood, or mahogany and ebony, are frequently combined with great taste, in a manner now seldom attempted, except in professed imitations of old works. — *The Builder*.

ARRIVAL OF HOGAN'S STATUE OF MR. O'CONNELL. — This splendid work of art has arrived in this city. The statue, from what we have heard, is a splendid one, and was the great source of attraction before it left Rome. It is a colossal figure of Mr. O'Connell, upwards of eight feet high, of the purest Carrara marble, robed like a Roman tribune, and in the position of haranguing a multitude around him. The likeness is admirable, taken from life, and the work itself is altogether one of the finest and most interesting specimens of art ever introduced into this country. A subject worthy of the artist, and the artist of the subject. The same ship also brought over Lord Cloncurry's celebrated statue of Ireland crowning the bust of the noble lord, which excited considerable attention at Rome, and these two beautiful specimens of the arts will be shortly exhibited in the Royal Exchange, where the figures of Drummond and Grattan are now to be seen. We congratulate the public on the progress that the arts are making in this country, and our illustrious countryman, Hogan, now stands unrivalled and unquestioned as the first sculptor in the world. — *Freeman's Journal*.

MUSIC.

THE RIVAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The Opera-house squabbles of the past season, arising out of Mr. Lumley's breach with his musical director, Signor Costa, have grown at length into a great schism, which is beginning to throw the votaries of harmony into a state of the direst discord. As during the memorable split of the Pope-dome, when his holiness in the Vatican had a double at Avignon, so it seems the musical pontiff of the Haymarket is to have an "alter ego" at Covent Garden. The rumours which have been current of the establishment of a rival Italian Opera next season, have now assumed an authentic shape; though the formal announcement of the details of the enterprise, which has for some time been expected, has not yet been issued. In the meantime, however, a sort of demi-official article has appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper which has distinguished itself by its strong spirit of partisanship in the affair. From this source we learn, that Covent Garden Theatre is to be opened as an Italian Opera-house early in 1847; that Signor Costa is engaged as musical director and conductor; that a host of eminent vocalists have been secured; and that almost all the performances of the instrumental orchestra are to follow their late conductor. It is added, that the theatre is to be renovated and decorated in a style of unexampled splendour. From other quarters we have heard that the theatre has been taken, and other arrangements have been made, for a period of three years; and that a capital has been provided sufficient to meet any supposable demand during that period. A long list is given of vocal performers actually engaged. It contains several great names—Grisi, Persiani, Mario, Tamburini, Salvi, and Ronconi; and besides these are twenty "great unknown," who swell the catalogue under the imposing classification of *primi contralti*, *primi bassi baritoni*, *primi bassi profondi*, *primi bassi comici*, *seconde donne*, and several more of the endless subdivisions of an Italian theatre. Of these twenty—though our attention to such matters is certainly sufficient to keep us informed of their names, at least, of the performers who distinguish themselves at the principal Continental theatres—we profess our almost total ignorance. We have seen some of them slightly mentioned in foreign journals; one of them (Mademoiselle Alboni, who stands at the head of the contralti) seems to have attracted notice chiefly from her *tenor*, rather than her *contralto*, voice, and the singular virility of her whole appearance. In the demi-official announcement we refer to, we are told that "of the distinguished talents that have yet to appear, the treat in store is yet little suspected." May be so; but, in the course of a pretty long experience, we have never seen a singer succeed here who was not preceded by a Continental reputation; while we have seen a considerable share of such reputation produce nothing but disappointment.

We do not clearly see the expediency of this project, or its eventual benefit either to the parties concerned or to Italian opera in England. We are told about "free trade" and "competition;" and if it is proposed to furnish the entertainment to the public at a cheaper rate than the present, we can understand the application of these phrases. But we have heard nothing about any proposed reduction of prices, nor, indeed, do we see how any reduction would be practicable. When we observe, on the one hand, a company of six-and-twenty singers, a superb orchestra, eighty strong, and the other items of expenditure (setting aside the ballet) of an Italian theatre; and, on the other hand, the small dimensions of Covent Garden as compared with the Opera-house; we should think that a full subscription and crowded houses every night, at the present rates, could barely "make both ends meet." What, then, is the benefit to the public of this rival theatre? A better company, a better chorus, a better orchestra, and better operas? The alleged badness of Mr. Lumley's management, in all these particulars, is certainly held up as a ground for a rival house: but we shall be as much surprised as pleased to find the rival house superior in any of them. The affair, in short, has very much the aspect of a quarrel which has grown to a deadly conflict—a "war to the knife." Nobody can contemplate the permanent existence of two Opera-houses in London; and the new one is evidently set on foot with the view of crushing the old. Something similar took place about a hundred years ago. A quarrel broke out between Handel and Senesino, in which the fashionable world took part, and a powerful body of the aristocracy combined to carry on operas in opposition to Handel. They raised a great subscription, took the theatre in Lincoln's Inn-fields, engaged the celebrated Porpora as director, and formed a company containing the greatest singers in Europe. The upshot was, that the hostile establishments ruined each other and themselves: in four years both of them were broken up, and Italian opera in England was reduced to a state of depression from which it did not for many years recover.—*Spectator*.

AN OPERA.—The first composer who tried his hand at setting an opera to music was Francisco Barmirino, an Italian artist; and the piece to which he lent the charm of a melodious accompaniment was the *Conversion of St. Paul*, which was brought out at Rome in 1460.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—Extract from a recent letter from Milan:—"Nothing can be so bad as the Scala. You cannot well imagine any thing more thoroughly wretched. They are giving the *Mosé in Egitto* night after night. Miss Hayes is the *prima donna*. Tadolini, Marini, De Bassini, and Sinico, with Perrot and Fanny Elssler for the ballet, are engaged for the carnival. Miss Hayes is to enact *Norma* for her next character, for which she is not at all adapted. However, she makes quite a *furor* with the Milanese. Traversi (the English tenor, Travers) is gone to England. He is a great favourite. Learti (an Englishman, from Liverpool called Job Lee) is gone to Bassano. His voice is a first-rate barytone. Gionasi is gone to Stradella as *primo basso*. Reeves (Dublin) has refused an engagement at the Scala, being wisely determined to devote more time to study before he appears. Miss Lucombe is arrived." Bergamo.—Moriani has been performing here in conjunction with La Tadolini, Emilia Scotta, and the *basso* Beneventano. Emilia Scotta is represented as a young singer of great promise. At one of the performances, Moriani, La Tadolini, and Beneventano sang the famous trio from *Lombardi* in such perfection that it was encored three times. The Prince Poniatowski is about to depart for Florence, carrying with him a poem of the three Dumas', which he will set to music for the opera. The sisters Milanollo have found dangerous rivals in the two little demoiselles Neruda. The youngest of them is only seven years old. Her performance on the violin has created the most lively sensation through the states of Bohemia.—It is rumoured that Mayerbeer has refused to give M. Léon Pillet the partition of *L'Africaine*; or, the *Prophet*, only on condition that he engages Mademoiselle Jenny Lind for the principal soprano. Judging from the terms which the German *cantatrice* is at present receiving, the subscription which the Académie Royale receives from government can hardly afford to pay the exorbitant demand of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind.—Leghorn: Pacini's new opera, *Il Buonadimante*, lately given at Naples with such effect, has been produced here with the greatest

success. Pacini himself superintended the performance. Both the opera and the author were received with clamorous approbation.—Fanny Elssler is engaged at Padua to give twelve performances during the fair of Il Santo. She will proceed thence to Milan for the carnival season, and will appear in a new ballet written expressly for her by Perrot.—Lucille Grahn is engaged at Rome for two months. From thence she goes to Venice during the carnival. At the end of March she will arrive in London, to fulfil her engagement at the Italian Opera.—*Musical World*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—A new drama of considerable interest has been produced here, under the title of *Eugenia Clairville; or, the New Found Home*. It has been evidently written with an especial view to the peculiar genius of Madame CELESTE, who does full justice to the compliment, in acting the heroine with all her accustomed grace and effect. This "heroine" is the niece of an old man who, on the approach of death, admits her to his house, and makes a small provision for her in his will. The provision, small as it is, is displeasing to a villainous fortune-hunter, who has wound himself round the old man, and induced him to leave the bulk of his wealth to him. He accordingly forges a fresh will, omitting the name of Eugenia altogether, and then attempts to poison his benefactor; the attempt is frustrated by Eugenia, and witnessed by an outcast who has secreted himself behind the curtains for the purpose of robbery, but is turned from that purpose by the heroine of the piece. After the old man's death, the knavish forger, enjoying for a while his ill-gotten wealth, makes force love to Eugenia, but is scornfully rejected. In revenge, he threatens to accuse her of poisoning her uncle, aided by evidence which he skilfully concocts and connects together, but ultimately the accusation turns upon himself by means of the burglar, now a penitent man, and the forgery of the will being also discovered, the rights of the injured niece are vindicated concurrently with her innocence, and villainy is in every direction defeated. There is excellent fun with PAUL BEDFORD, MUNYARD (a most able comic actor), and Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS. The drama is quite one of the regular Adelphi productions, and is likely to be as popular as all but the best of them.

SADLER'S WELLS.—We would earnestly recommend our readers to go and see *Romeo and Juliet*, as it has been produced at this admirably managed establishment. We have not of late years witnessed a more satisfactory performance. Mr. CRESWICK, the artist who plays the part of *Romeo*, is a gentleman of very high promise; he is not as yet exactly the *Romeo* that SHAKESPEARE drew—for that matter, we never saw one—but he exhibits feeling and earnestness, and is manifestly attached to his art. The *Juliet* whom he woos is a fair and gentle lady, full of impassioned tenderness of voice and action. We consider that in the introduction of Miss ADDISON to the stage Mr. PHELPS has done the state some service. The manager himself takes the part of *Mercutio*, with a thorough appreciation of all its varied characteristics, and much of the power to embody them. The manner in which the whole play is got up does the greatest credit to Mr. PHELPS.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the latest additions to this establishment we observed a lamp for making signals at night, and also to prevent collision at sea. If something of this kind were adopted it would no doubt prevent, in most cases, those fearful destructions of life and property which so frequently happen. As a description of these lamps may be acceptable to our readers, we give it in as few words as possible. The distress signal not only shews a vessel to be in distress, but also whether she be sailing or steam, by the position and colour of the light. Steamers are designated by a red light at the cross-trees; sailing vessels by a green light at the cross-trees and a bright light at the topmast. The lamps are fitted into a box, which contains oil, matches, and every requisite; so that, if necessary to abandon the ship, the lamps might be handed into the boats and serve the purpose not only of signals of distress, but also afford warmth and comfort to the crew during the night. The inventor, Mr. RETTIE, informed us that a lighted lamp for the whole night would only cost sixpence.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.
 THEATRES.—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.
 PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.
 DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.
 COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.
 THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.
 MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.
 CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.
 POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.
 THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.
 SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.
 MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

NECROLOGY.

M. KAUFMAN.

THE Paris papers, about a month ago, recorded a suicide, which had taken place in the Bois de Boulogne, of a man then unknown—of whom they have now a melancholy tale to tell. It has been ascertained that he was a poet of distinction in Berlin, named Kaufman—the translator into his native tongue of the plays of Shakspeare and the poems of Burns. He was a friend of Liszt—on whose recommendation he had come to Paris: and there, only two days before his death, he had accepted a tutorship in a family of rank. The cause of his fatal act is a portion of the sad poetry of his tale. In the French capital he had become affianced to a young German lady, whose sudden death had rendered life insupportable to himself. Among his papers were found two plays in manuscript, and the commencement of a translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia."—These journals mention that M. Louis Barbier has succeeded to M. de Jouy as Librarian at the Louvre.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS,
AND IMPROVEMENTS.METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY'S
PLANS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 356.]

Mr. James NORRIS, market gardener at Isleworth, was next examined. He has been in the habit of using sewage water. He spoke to its value, and the quantity he would use.

Chairman.—If it was delivered by cock, for instance?—We should be induced to use an immense quantity, 100 tons to the acre a year or more; 30,000 tons in a year.

Would you pay 2d. a ton?—Very glad to do it.

Still you would not go half a mile to fetch it?—We could make solid manure go further. If it was delivered it would be a different thing; I think it might be done and answer well.

So that unless it was delivered close to your door, you would not go a distance to fetch it?—A small distance, but we would rather not.

Mr. Duncan.—I think you say you have fifty acres of meadow land?—Yes.

You say it has been very beneficial to that land?—Yes.

Would you not be inclined to go half a mile with a cart?—We draw it more than half a mile now.

You would much rather have it brought to your door than send your cart?—Yes.

Mr. Tower.—Did you sign a petition in favour of this?—Yes I did.

Do you know any other persons in your neighbourhood that have?—I did not take particular notice of the signatures.

Can you speak to any of the parties who have signed that in your neighbourhood?—I think that the people are all in favour of it; the large holders of land.

All holders of land and market gardeners?—Yes.

That you can speak to, that the large holders of land and market gardeners are in favour of some such measure as this?—Yes.

The next witness was Mr. BRANDE, the celebrated chemist. He had analysed the sewage.

Dr. GRANVILLE thus spoke of the prejudice that exists as to

THE SMELL OF SEWAGE WATER.

Lord R. Grosvenor.—Do you imagine that any nuisance could possibly arise from this sewage water passing by pipes through the neighbourhood of London?—I am aware that there exists a prejudice upon that subject, and we had ourselves to contend against it; so much so, that we were obliged to have recourse to the medium of a promise to remove all effluvia (which luckily can be accomplished in an easy manner), in order to disarm that prejudice. I think there is a great error in supposing the effluvia in question to be detrimental. They may be a nuisance to the smell; but it has never been proved, and I challenge any authority to prove it by well authenticated instances, that the mere contiguity with the contents of a cesspool distinctly collected, either as liquid or solid, has produced the slightest disease. On the contrary, there is the striking fact that the prefect of police in Paris, when he was ordered to lay before the Chambers an account of the results of his observations, and that of his agents throughout Paris during the cholera, presented a plan of the city on which the districts where the cholera had raged were marked in dark shades; and where it had raged the most, the darkest shade was employed, and the district which appeared the lightest was the one I mentioned before, namely, Montfaucon, where nearly the whole of the cesspools of Paris are emptied every night, and the whole of the people employed as nightmen escaped the cholera. It is a point to which the Commissioners for the Health of Towns failed to pay attention. They have gone amongst the most wretched purities of London, and found the cesspools filled up not only with human exuvie, which are not offensive to health, but cabbage-leaves and all sorts of refuse from the dwellings, which get into a state of fermentation and decomposition, and the effluvia from such a mass or masses is unquestionably inimical to health; but the mere contiguity or neighbourhood of a sewage water, or solid sewage even, would never be found to produce any ill effect to health. Still there remains the question of nose and taste, whether you would like to be near it or not; but in point of injury to the individual, there is the irrefragable evidence in respect to that question contained in the report of the prefect of police. Foreigners say, you in England are as cleanly as possible, but then you swallow all that which we do not care about smelling; you throw it out into the river, and drink it immediately afterwards.

Mr. SMITH, of Deanston, was again re-called, and spoke of its value for agricultural purposes.

Mr. Tower.—Can you compare it with the quantity used by the gentleman you mentioned in Lancashire?—Mr. Thompson; he does it by a jet; he has never put so much as that upon his ground; he only cuts his meadows once a year, and therefore they do not require so much.

How many times does he apply it?—About twice in the summer season, and once during the winter.

The effect of that was only one crop?—One very excellent crop of hay, and it gives a superior after-crop for cattle.

Mr. B. Smith.—Do you conceive that the advantage that the land would derive from having it applied in dry times, would be greater than the necessity for disposing of it at all times would be injurious?—I do not think that any injury would be done in giving it, when it was wet; it would never be given when it was extremely wet, except upon thoroughly drained land; land thoroughly drained. Suppose there was a good deal of rain falling, the land would certainly have water in it; the vacuities of the land would be filled; if this water were added, the other would be passing away, and this would take its place.

Then the advantage would be without any drawback?—Yes, I think it would be a very great advantage in a dry season; I am quite sure, in perhaps one summer out of three, that the power of giving water, whether common water, but more especially water mixed with a proportion of sewage water in it, would be a very great advantage to land, to give it in a dry period, such as we have seen recently. St. James's Park has been quite brown, and over a considerable district of country many of the crops have suffered very much from the continuance of the dry weather. If there had been power to administer some of this liquid to that land, it would have prevented the decay that has taken place.

It would be worth 100 twopences to put an acre of water on?—It would be worth that at least. If the grain crop were to carry one bushel more of grain, it would pay that; and in turnips, if it were to grow a couple of tons more; and in grass, either for pasture or cutting.

You are decidedly of opinion that water is the cheapest vehicle for applying manure to land, viewing it in the light in which these questions have led you to view it?—Yes, I am sure it is.

The following particulars of Professor Schoenbein's invention of an explosive substance, which there can be little doubt will supersede the use of gunpowder, will be read with interest :—

GUN COTTON.—The properties of this invention, for which Professor Schoenbein is taking out a patent, and of which the Board of Ordnance are said to have ordered one cwt. to be purchased, to be tested at Woolwich, and on board the *Excellent*, when furnished by the learned professor, was exhibited to the British Association on Wednesday last, by Mr. Grove. He said it was the first time this invention had been publicly exhibited, and it was only at the earnest solicitation of the British Association that Professor Schoenbein had consented to its exhibition, because, in consequence of not having concluded his arrangements for securing the invention by patent, he was not able to describe the composition of the substance. Mr. Grove then prefaced the exhibition by giving a short outline of the history of the invention of gunpowder, the origin of which, like that of most other great inventions, is involved in obscurity. The rationale of the composition of gunpowder depended on mixing combustible substances with a substance that supplies abundance of oxygen, for the support of combustion, without depending for the supply of the oxygen of the atmosphere. Nitrate of soda, or saltpetre, was a substance that answered these conditions, and when intimately mixed with charcoal and sulphur in proper proportions it supplied those combustible bodies at once with sufficient oxygen, and the composition became explosive at a given temperature. There was, however, a considerable residue after the explosion of even the best gunpowder, which showed that the combustion was not perfect, and the residue proved greatly inconvenient by soiling fire-arms. In the invention of Professor Schoenbein this inconvenience was entirely remedied, and the explosive force was said to be double that of gunpowder. The substance was in fact cotton, which was prepared in some manner not yet made known, and could not be distinguished in its appearance from ordinary cotton. There were two qualities of the preparation, one of which was intended for common purposes, and involved a small quantity of smoke on explosion; the other, which was more expensive in its preparation, emitted no perceptible smoke, and left no residue whatever. The gun cotton, he said, explodes at the temperature of 400 degrees—the explosive point of gunpowder being about 600 degrees; and it might be exploded on gunpowder without igniting the latter. Mr. Grove then exhibited the experiments. He first exploded a small quantity of gunpowder, for the purpose of showing the large quantity of smoke evolved. He then exploded a small lock of the gun cotton of the second quality. It flashed off as rapidly as gunpowder, and but a very small quantity of smoke was perceptible. The paper on which it was exploded was slightly stained. The better kind of the gun cotton exploded still more rapidly, without any smoke whatever, and it gave out an orange-coloured flame. The exhibition of the experiment was received with loud applause. Mr. Grove next exhibited that peculiar property of the cotton not being injured by water. He steeped a piece of the cotton in a glass of water, and then pressed it between blotting paper to dry. Though it could not have been thoroughly dry in the time, the cotton flashed off when the heated wire was applied to it, and without any perceptible smoke. The flash, however, was not in this case so instantaneous as that of the perfectly dry cotton. The last and most curious experiment was the explosion of a piece of the gun cotton when placed upon loose powder, without igniting the latter. The experiment succeeded perfectly, though it requires the cotton to be quite dry to insure its success, for if the combustion be less rapid the gunpowder explodes.

SUBMARINE NAVIGATION.—An American journal thus describes a boat to be used for the destruction of hostile vessels :—"One of our young men has invented a machine for the purpose of destroying vessels of the enemy. It moves from ten to fifteen miles per hour below the surface of the ocean. Not a ripple is seen in the water as it approaches the vessel doomed to destruction. No warning is given. No moving living thing may be within the bounds of the horizon. In a moment the work of destruction is accomplished, and the strongest vessel on the ocean is shattered into ten thousand fragments. All on board must inevitably perish. It is cheaply constructed, and can be navigated with very few men, and those as perfectly safe as if they were a thousand miles from the scene of action. Each machine is capable of destroying five vessels per hour of any magnitude."

ELECTRO-PHONETIC TELEGRAPH.—Professor Hume, of the Academy of Charlestown, has brought this matter to a final issue, by the construction of a model, although something similar has been previously discovered both in St. Petersburg and in Cincinnati; in the former city it has been laid before

the Imperial Academy of Sciences. The Russian telegraph can produce ten tones by ten different wires; that of Charlestown has hitherto merely two wires, which produce two tones, but is capable of producing all the letters of the alphabet by an adequate number of wires. But this seems superfluous, providing that a sufficient number of tones be extant, to make the speech of the telegraph intelligible. The difference between this sort of electric communication and that of others (for instance, that of Mr. Morse) is, that tones supply mere signs and figures. The machinery, however, is very simple, and the sound can be clearly heard in any even large room. Dr. Hume is on the point of publishing the details of the phonetic telegraph, and putting it into practice.—*The Builder*.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

350. NEXT OF KIN of BENJAMIN SHELDON, late of Wimeswold, Leicester, gent. (died about 31st Dec. 1832), or their representatives.
351. NEPHEWS AND NIECES, or CHILDREN of deceased nephews and nieces of BENJAMIN SHELDON, late of Wimeswold, Leicester, gent. (died about 31st Dec. 1832), or their representatives.
352. MARY WARD, who about 1837 left Plymouth for the service of Miss Glascock, somewhere at the West end of London, near Hyde Park. *Something to her advantage.*
353. HEIR AT LAW and NEXT OF KIN, of RICHARD PRICE, late of Riley-street, St. Luke, Chelsea, Middlesex, gent. (died June 1834), or their representatives.
354. NEXT OF KIN of WILLIAM WITHERING, late of Wick House, Brislington, Somerset, Doctor of Laws (died 23rd June, 1832), or their representatives.
355. SECOND COUSINS of ELIZABETH FOSTER, late of Sherborne, Dorset (died 9th Feb. 1837), of the name of Slade, including females who have changed their names by marriage, or their representatives.
356. NEXT OF KIN of BARBARA SKINNER, widow (died 1769).
357. GRAND NEPHEWS AND NIECES of JOSEPH SHERRARD, late of Deal, Kent, purser in the Royal Navy (died April 1835), or their representatives.
358. NEXT OF KIN of GEORGE LOCKEY, formerly of city of London, afterwards of South Carolina, N. America, merchant (died at Charleston, S. Carolina, 10th January, 1810), or their representatives.
359. CHILDREN of WILLIAM POULSON, of Leicester, saddler, deceased, of THOMAS and JOHN POULSON, the three brothers of JOSEPH POULSON, deceased, and the issue of such children as died before the survivor of CECILY POULSON and MARY POULSON, the two sisters of the said Joseph; also the issue of such of the children of the said W. Poulson (if any) as died in his lifetime, or their representatives.
360. JOHN WILLIAM VOGEL, ANN REID, and the three children of Mr. GEIER, of Hirschberg, Silesia, and TRANGOT ADOLPH, of Schneideberg, Silesia, legatees under the will of JOHN WILLIAM PAUL, who was born at Strehlen, Silesia, and at time of his death (May 1795) was a merchant residing at Hornsey, Middlesex.
361. WILLIAM ROGERS, son of DANIEL ROGERS, late of Burnham, Essex, oyster dredger. *Something to advantage.*
362. NEXT OF KIN of ——— MANNERS, Esq. who fell in the Battle of Waterloo.
363. WILLIAM JAMES, tailor, Monmouth, JOHN WILLIAMS, carpenter, Monmouth, and PHILIP WILLIAMS, son of the late THOMAS WILLIAMS, legatees under the will of LOUISA WILLIAMS, of 2, Bowling-street, Westminster (died Nov. 21, 1836).
364. The several HEIRS-AT-LAW of PHILIP SMITH, the younger, formerly of Aldgate High-street, London, butcher (died a bachelor, intestate, in 1813), and ANN MARIA SMITH, afterwards the wife of JOHN SOMMERS (died in 1833, without issue).
365. RELATIONS or NEXT OF KIN of ELIZABETH JAMES, widow, who died in Bethlehem Hospital, London, a lunatic.

tic, on or about Feb. 24, 1837. Mrs. James's maiden name was Gibson. *Something to advantage.*
 366. NEXT OF KIN OF WILLIAM KENDALL, the elder, of the George-yard, Long-acre, Middlesex, livery stable keeper (died in May 1816), or their representatives.
(To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

LITTLE by little the principle of international copyright is obtaining recognition among the states of Europe, and a relic of ancient barbarism is passing away into the limbo of history, to join the *droit d'aubaine*, the right of wreckage and strandage, and other similar medieval enormities. By and by, the wonder will be how it could possibly have kept its ground so long in an age that prides itself on its high civilization, and professes an almost superstitious respect for the rights of property. Surely if there be one thing which more than all others deserves to be designated as property, one thing which a man may with the clearest and largest title call his own, it is the productions of his brain. Strange that the space of nineteen centuries has been too short to enable Christendom to master this simple truth! It is beginning to make way however. The most recent instance of its progress is notified in an Act of her Majesty's Privy Council, dated the 27th August, in pursuance of a reciprocal treaty between this country and Prussia: it directs that the authors and makers of "books, prints, articles of sculpture, dramatic works, and musical compositions, and any other works of literature and the fine arts," first published in Prussia, shall have the same copyright therein as the law assigns in the like cases to the proprietors of works first published in the United Kingdom.

The exchange of a similar treaty with the United States would be an inestimable good fortune; and there are very cheering tokens of our approach towards that consummation of justice and wisdom. The commercial benefits which it would confer on this country are so obvious and so great, that these alone should render it an object of earnest desire, though it were recommended by no higher considerations. It may even seem, indeed, upon a superficial view, that the immediate gains resulting from the measure would be very unequally divided between the contracting parties; and that the older, richer, and more abundant art and literature of England would carry off the lion's portion. But the bolder spirits in the United States think otherwise; they aspire to create for themselves a national literature, without which they contend that the Union itself cannot stand. "Let us have home thoughts," says one of their writers, "or let us cease to live. This is the cry and the necessity of all nations that would endure either in the business or the memory of mankind. Let us determine to have a voice of our own in our literature, which the world shall listen to and regard as no echo." But that voice can scarcely struggle into articulate form so long as the temptations of piracy, sanctioned both by law and custom, render American publishers averse to purchase the writings of American authors. Nor is it alone on the ground of justice to the foreign author or of enlightened patriotism that the principle of international copyright is advocated on the other side of the Atlantic; its expediency is likewise very cogently argued on purely trading considerations. In this respect a very marked and wholesome change has occurred of late in the views of American publishers. Eight years ago, when the agitation first began, they were unanimous in bitter opposition to the proposed innovation. Some time afterwards the business of republishing received a mighty impetus; the cheap era arose, and brought with it another class of interests, another race of traders,—the cheap publishers. The zeal of these men rapidly outran their discretion; and after deluging the country with trash, they found themselves landed in bankruptcy. Struck by this practical refutation of their theories—this inevitable *reductio ad absurdum*—the publishers began to reflect that there was more credit and profit to be gained by each man's dealing in his own purchased and indisputable copyrights, than by the chances of a piratical scramble from which all might come off losers. Accordingly, when next the authors appealed to Congress, in 1844, they were joined not only by the chief publishers who had been their

most formidable antagonists in 1838, but also by most of the disappointed purveyors of cheap reprints. The copyright question has been steadily gaining ground ever since. Indeed, if we may believe a fact alleged by a correspondent of the *New York Morning Courier*, the publishers themselves have anticipated the tardy action of Congress, and have to some extent practically decided the question. Besides occasionally paying the foreign author for early sheets of his book, "they have consummated their acknowledgment of his absolute right in his work, by purchasing of him the privilege to publish it *in perpetuo* in the United States; allowing him, as his share, a portion of the profits. This arrangement has been made more than once, and is growing to be a custom of the trade." If this be true, the Legislature cannot long refuse its sanction to a law already virtually enacted by opinion and necessity.—*Spectator*.

Saxony has acceded to the treaty between England and Prussia.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a letter to the *Times*, Miss Agnes Strickland, authoress of the *Lives of the Queens of England*, prefers a charge of gross plagiarism against Lord Campbell. The fair complainant states, that if her *Life of Eleanor of Provence* be compared with Lord Campbell's biography of the same princess, under the title of the "Lady Keeper," in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, it will be seen "that his Lordship has published an abridgment of that which has now been before the public six years"—

He has transposed the language a little in the course of his labours, to disguise the fact, and discreetly transferred the references which I honestly gave to my authorities to his own margins; but he has not put forth a single fact in addition to those which I had previously put forth in my *Life of Eleanor of Provence*; merely curtailing my matter, but preserving the arrangement, and adding a coarse joke of his own. He has even availed himself of the quotations of the old chronicle rhymes, and some interesting particulars of the dress of that Queen, for the benefit of the lawyers, which, with his important avocations, he would scarcely, I should imagine, have seriously referred to books of costume to collect for such a purpose, or known anything about, had he not found them conveniently under his eye, in connexion with the rest of the information which he has drawn from my work. I should have been proud of the conviction that anything from my pen had been of such great use to a learned dignitary of the law, and regarded his abridgment of my *Life of Queen Eleanor* as one of the highest compliments that had been paid to my work, if his lordship had candidly referred to the source whence his information was derived: but he has carefully abstained from even alluding to the existence of a previously published life of that Queen.

Miss Strickland asks, whether it is fair in Lord Campbell to appropriate to himself the credit as well as the benefit of her labours? "The benefit I would freely allow; but as my principal reward for the years myself and my sister have spent in the task of preparing the *Lives of the Queens of England* is the reputation acquired in the course of the undertaking, I cannot see without some feelings of pain the cool manner in which Lord Campbell has reaped my field, and passed off the produce as gleanings of his own."

In other passages of this work he has not been quite so correct in his historical assertions. He makes, for instance, Edward IV. the husband of Lady Jane Grey; and has made some amusing mistakes with regard to Wriothesley. But I forbear to enlarge on his errors, having found him a very correct retailer of my facts; and it is but justice to add, that he has not once contradicted anything I have asserted in that portion of my work which he has used.

The very curious collection of English pottery belonging to Mr. Enoch Wood, of Burslem, exhibited by Mr. H. Cole at a late meeting of the Archaeological Society, has been recently brought to Lord Morpeth's attention, by the same gentleman, as an object worthy of national purchase for the Museum of Economic Geology; and that the Treasury, at the suggestion of Lord Morpeth and Sir Henry De la Beche, the curator of the Museum, has sanctioned the purchase. The portions exhibited were but a small part of the whole collection, which exemplifies the entire history of the Staffordshire earthenware.

NEW GOVERNMENT MAP OF SCOTLAND.—Several parties of the Royal Sappers and Miners are at present employed on the ordnance survey, with a view to furnish materials for a new government map of Scotland. One of their large and superior theodolites is stationed on the summit of Ben-Nevis, another on the Cheviots, and others are also placed on the more northern elevations, for the purpose of obtaining the principal triangulation of Scotland. For some time past, a party have been engaged in the same task in the extreme north. We understand that astronomical observations are at the same time in progress.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

Washington Irving embarked for the United States, on Friday last, by the Halifax steam-ship *Cambria*.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Sept. 19 to Sept. 26.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels, "Fair Maid of Perth," and "Anne of Gelestein," royal 8vo. 15s. each, cl.—Alexander's (D. W. L.) Switzerland and the Swiss Churches, fcap. 8vo. 5s. cl.
- Baker's (Rev. T. B.) Christ the Man of Sorrows, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Battles of England, Roscoe's edition, royal 8vo. 4s. cl.—Book for Wives and Mothers, 18mo. 6d. swd.; 1s. cl.
- Cabinet Lawyer; a Popular Digest of the Laws of England, with a Dictionary of Law Terms, 13th edit. enlarged and corrected to the present time, fcap. 10s. 6d. cl.—Chesterfield's (Lord) Letters to his Son, a Selection of, prepared for translation into French, by Prof. Brasseur, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
- Dickens's (C.) Pictures from Italy, new edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.
- Edgeworth's Early Lessons in 17 Nos. viz. Frank 6 Nos., Rosamond 6 Nos., and Harry and Lucy 5 Nos.
- Fairy Birds from Fancy Islet, or the Children in the Forest, a new tale without an end, sgr. 16mo. 5s. cl.
- Hall's (Capt. W. H.) The Nemesis in China, a History of the late War in that country, with a complete account of the Colony of Hong Kong, 3rd edit. 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Huntingdon's (J. B.) Tables and Rules for Earthwork, Land, &c. 8vo. 18s. cl.
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- Mary Anne Wellington, the Soldier's Daughter, Wife, and Widow, by the Rev. R. Cobbold, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—Mayo's Model Lessons for Infant Schools, pt. 1, 3rd edit. fcap. 8vo. 3s. cl.
- Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens, illustrated by G. Cruikshank, new edit. 1 vol. 8vo. 11s. cl.
- Parnell's (James) Memoirs, with Extracts from his Writings, by H. Callaway, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Paterson's (Wm. Esq.) Small Debts Act, 9 & 10 Vict. 12mo. 4s. bd.
- Rogers's (Rev. G. A.) Bethany on Christian Experience Unfolded, 12mo. 5s. cl.
- Soyer's (A.) Gastronomic Regenerator; a New System of Cookery, with engravings, 2nd edit. 8vo. 1l. 1s. cl.—Smith's (Geo. F.R.S.) Religion of Ancient Britain, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Symons' (J. C.) Parish Settlements and the Practice of Appeals, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Sharpe's London Magazine, illustrated, vol. 2, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Sherwood's (Mrs.) Indian Pilgrim, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Sir Frizzle Pumpkin's Nights at Mess, and other Tales, fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.; 3s. 6d. cl.
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- Whitaker's (Dr. T. D.), History of Whalley, 1 vol. 4to. Nicholls, London.
- Whitaker's (Dr. T. D.) History of Craven, 1 vol. royal 4to. Nicholls, London.
- Vols. VII. and VIII. of Dr. Johnson's Works, 12 vols. edited by Murphy, 1816.
- Todd's Johnson's Dictionary, Parts VI. VII. and VIII. (being Vols. III. and IV.) 1st edit.
- Vol. IV. of Œuvres de Crebillon fils, 1777, 14 vols. ed.
- Vols. I. and II. Russell's Modern Europe, 1842.
- Vol. VI. Spectator, ed. 6 vols. Walker, 1822.
- Vols. V. and X. Sterne's Works, ed. 10 vols. 1783.
- Penny Cyclopaedia, XI. to XVII. inclusive, and XIX. to XXI. inclusive.
- Encyclopaedia Britannica, with Supplement, last edit.

To Readers and Correspondents.

ERRATUM.—For "Lady Hamilton," in p. 337, col. 2, line 16 (last No.) read "Lady Nelson."

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